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TRANSACTIONS

—OF THE—

OREGON

PIONEER

ASSOCIATION.

Fifteenth Annual Reunion.

PORTLAND, OREGON,

JUNE 15TH,

1887.

HIMES, PRINTER, PORTLAND, OR.

REV. CLINTON KELLY.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

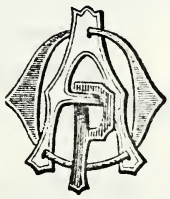
FOR 1887.

Annual Address by Rev. I. D. Driver, D. D.,

AND

The Occasional Address by Hon. George B. Currey,

WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



PORTLAND, OREGON:
PRESS OF GEO. H. HIMES, 169-171 SECOND STREET.
1887.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
Wednesday, June 15th, 1887.

The fifteenth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held in this city, under the most auspicious circumstances which could be desired. It was one of the most pleasurable and successful yearly gatherings of the Association, and the reunion in several respects was a memorable one—one destined to be long and gratefully cherished in the memories of the old pioneers of the State. The attendance was very large from various sections of Oregon, while the weather proved delightful for both street parade and the indoor exercises.

The following officers were present:

M. Wilkins, President.
J. W. Grumm, Vice President.
John M. Bacon, Treasurer.
Geo. H. Himes, Secretary.
F. X. Matthieu, Joseph Watt and Clark Hay, Directors.

Under the direction of Col. John McCraken, the procession began forming shortly after 1 o'clock. The county court room was used as a rendezvous prior to the forming of the procession, where badges were distributed by Mr.

F. X. Matthieu to the pioneers, according to the years of their coming to the State. About 1:30 o'clock P. M. the pioneers were marshaled into line, and soon after started over the line of march. Heading the procession was a squad of the Portland police force, uniformed, and presenting a very neat appearance. These were followed by the United States Fourteenth Infantry Band.

Next followed the pioneers on foot, taking precedence according to the date of their arrival in the State. Each division bore aloft a banner on which was inscribed the year. The first banner bore the figures 1839 and the last 1854. About two hundred and sixty pioneers walked in the line, besides those seated in the carriages. Following the old pioneers came the "Native Sons of Oregon," numbering about fifty, headed by a banner bearing a suitable inscription.

At the very head of the procession, carrying a banner of the pioneers bearing the date of 1839, walked two old men, who came to Oregon in that year, crossing the mountains and plains together—Rev. J. S. Griffin, of Hillsboro, and Dr. W. M. Geiger, the former eighty and the latter seventy years of age.

Mr. Griffin is well-known throughout the State. His wife was the first white woman that left Fort Vancouver to make a home in Washington county, and his son was the first white boy born in that section.

Mr. Geiger is the father of Dr. C. E. Geiger, of this city. Grand Marshal McCraken urged upon these old men to take seats in the carriage, provided for such as they

but both declined and declared their preference for walking, Mr. Griffin laughingly saying, "We have long been accustomed to hardships and we will not fly the track now."

Accompanying these was Dr. William C. McKay, of Pendleton, the oldest "Native Son," who was born at Astoria in 1824. His grandmother was the wife of Dr. McLoughlin, and his grandfather was the McKay who was one of the founders of Astoria, and who was blown up in the ship *Tonquin*, when attacked by the Puget Sound Indians.

While the procession was being formed was undertaken the task of getting the names of all in the ranks, together with the year of their arrival in Oregon, and the following list gives the result:

1836.

W. H. Gray, Astoria—New York.

1839.

John S. Griffin, Hillsboro—New England.
Dr. W. M. Geiger, Forest Grove—New York.
Geo. W. Ebbert, Washington county—Kentucky.

1840.

J. L. Parrish, Salem—New York.
S. B. Parrish, Portland—New York.
Wm. Abernethy, Multnomah county.
Mrs. Helen McClaine, Grand Ronde—New York.

1842.

J. W. Robb, Portland—Pennsylvania.
S. W. Moss, Clackamas county.
Capt. M. Crawford, Yamhill county.
F. X. Matthieu, Butteville—Missouri.

1843.

P. G. Stewart, Gervais—New York.
W. J. Garrison, McMinnville—Indiana.
Henry Hewitt, Yamhill—Pennsylvania.
John Hobson, Astoria—England.
Jesse Applegate, Yoncalla—Kentucky.
Wm. L. Higgins, Portland.
Wm. N. Wells, Pendleton.
J. M. Athey, Oregon City.
A. J. Baker, McMinnville.
W. Hembree, McMinnville.
Mrs, W. Hembree, McMinnville.
J. B. McClane, Grand Ronde—Pennsylvania.

1844.

Daniel Johnson and wife, Lafayette—New York.
James Johnson and wife, Lafayette—New York.
Wm. D. Stillwell, Tillamook—Ohio.
Robert Walker, Washington county.
Joseph Watts, Yamhill county.
M. Moore, Hillsboro—Ohio.
A. C. Wirt, Skipanon—Pennsylvania.
D. M. Hewett, Luckiamute—Oregon born, 43 years old.
J. C. Nelson, West Chehalem, Yamhill county.
G. L. Rowland, Yamhill county.
A. B. Rabbeson, Olympia, W. T.
Mrs. M. W. Burton, Portland.
Mrs. J. T. Bowles, Multnomah county.

1845.

Jennings Smith, Silverton—Ohio.
William Savage, Polk county—Ohio.
Solomon Richards, Portland—Ohio.
W. C. Johnson, Oregon City—Ohio.
A. M. Cornelius, Portland—Missouri.
W. A. Scoggin, Portland—Missonri.
W. G. Buffum, Yamhill.
J. S. Risley, Portland.

G. H. Baber, Forest Grove.
Prier Scott, Corvallis.
C. O. Hosford, Multnomah county.
Jas. Terwilliger, Multnomah county.
J. M. Bacon, Clackamas county.
Capt. J. H. McMillen, East Portland.
P. G. Northrup, Washington county.
John Meldrum, Oregon City.
P. M. Rinearson, Clackamas county.
Col. T. R. Cornelius, Cornelius—Missouri.
Mrs. F. R. Smith, Salem.
Wm. Taylor, Macleay, Marion county—Missouri.
R. Gant, Bellevue, Yamhill county.
Wm. Barlow, Barlow, Clackamas county—Illinois.
Col. James Taylor, Astoria—Ohio.
Col. W. W. Chapman, Portland.

1846.

J. M. Garrison, Forest Grove—Missouri.
James Winston, Clackamas—Virginia.
F. R. Smith, Salem.
Mrs. Eliza F. Fouts, Yamhill county.
Albert Stewart, Washington county.
Wm. Elliott, Oregon City.
Wm. R. Kirk, Brownsville, Linn county.
Charles Cutting, Oregon City.
J. Coggswell, Springfield, Lane county.
Levi Anderson, Portland—Ohio.

1847.

Capt. J. T. Apperson, Oregon City.
J. W. Grimm, Marion county.
P. W. Crawford, Cowlitz county, W. T.
Thomas Stephens, Portland.
Wm. Stephens, Walla Walla.
W. T. Scholl, Portland.
L. Taylor, Clarke county, W. T.
M. F. Mulkey, Portland.

S. D. Maxon, Vancouver, W. T.
G. A. Cone, Marion county.
Stephen Coffin, Portland.
Wm. Chapman, Sheridan, Yamhill county.
W. B. Jolly, Washington county.
Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, Multnomah county.
Wm. Jolly, Washington county—Iowa.
Mrs. H. V. Howard, Sherman, W. T.
John Bird, Yamhill county.
Wm. H. Dillon, Vancouver, W. T.
H. Cosgrove, Champoeg.
A. E. Wait, Portland.
M. Wilkins, Lane county.
John Powell, East Portland.
Seneca Smith, Portland.
Mrs. Adam Fisher, Columbia Slough.
J. W. Downer, Goldendale, W. T.
R. A. Laughlin, North Yamhill—Missouri.
R. Mendenhall, Portland—Iowa.
John Bonser, Sauvie's Island—Ohio.
Col. Chris. Taylor, Dayton—Indiana.
Henry Taylor, Clackamas county.
John Diamond, Coburg—Ireland.
Edward Long, East Portland—Ohio.
R. C. Geer, Silverton—Connecticut.

1848.

A. Holcomb, Lone Rock, Gilliam county—Ohio.
Mrs. Crawford, Cowlitz county.
W. L. Adams, East Portland.
Capt. John D. Biles, Portland—Illinois.
John Catlin, Portland—Illinois.

1849.

John Cain, Portland—Missouri.
P. F. Cassell, Portland—Kentucky.
Mrs. E. M. Wait, East Portland—Massachusetts.
Dr. W. K. Smith, Portland.

A. B. Stuart and wife, Portland—New Jersey.
Judge Matthew P. Deady, Portland—Ohio.
W. H. Barnhart, Portland.
Wm. McKay, Pendleton.
D. Pease, Clatsop county.
Levi Kent, Drain.
A. G. Walling, Portland.
Dr. Wm. Caples, St. Johns.
Lloyd Brooke, Portland.

1850.

Henry Wilmer, Portland.
William Chance, Astoria.
John Wand, Portland—Ohio.
J. M. Belcher, Lafayette.
N. Pearcy, Portland.
T. A. Davis, Portland.
A. J. Knott, East Portland.
Wm. Sherlock, Portland.
C. P. Bacon, Portland.
Wm. Grooms, Portland.
J. M. Gilman, Portland.
J. H. Gove, Portland.
J. Fowler, Washington county.
Mrs. J. Fowler, Washington county.
W. Simmons, Hillsboro.
Dr. A. I. Nicklin, Portland—Iowa.
D. A. McKee, Mount Angel, Marion county—Missouri.
C. S. Silver, Portland—Ohio.
P. F. Bradford, Portland—Massachusetts.
T. Brooks Trevett, Portland—Maine.
E. J. Harding, Marion county.
Z. W. Wood, Hillsboro.
G. Tollman, Pendleton.
Dr. C. C. Strong, Portland.
W. F. Whitlock, Oregon City.
J. D. Burnett, Roseburg.
L. H. Calkins, Oswego, Clackamas county.

Col. W. L. White, Oregon City.
B. W. Wilson, Corvallis.
M. P. Martin, Lane county.
Capt. J. M. Gilman, Portland.
Sam. A. Miles, St. Helens.
R. L. Simpson, Yamhill county.
G. H. Stewart, Vancouver, W. T.
Solomon Beary, Portland.
C. W. Smith, Roseburg.
D. A. McKee, Portland.

1851.

J. M. Stott, Multnomah county—Indiana.
Judge J. K. Kelly, Portland—Pennsylvania. (Came to California in '49.)
W. S. Ladd, Portland—New Hampshire.
R. Stott, Portland—Indiana.
James Casey, Woodburn, Marion county—Illinois.
David Smith, Forest Grove—Indiana.
John Eagon, Hubbard, Marion county—Illinois.
Thomas Frazar, Forest Grove—Massachusetts.
E. M. Waite, Salem.
D. C. Lewis, Portland.
J. P. O. Lownsdale, Portland.
Wm. H. Watkinds, Portland.
Henry Failing, Portland.
M. C. George, Portland.
T. McF. Patton, Salem.
R. H. Holmes, East Portland.
A. B. Gleason, Hubbard.
C. P. Burkhart, Albany.
Geo. L. Story, Portland.
J. R. James, Thurston county, W. T.
F. M. Arnold, Portland.
H. A. Hogue, Portland.
Jacob Zimmerman, Multnomah county.
Mrs. P. G. Northrup, Washington county.

1852.

J. G. Glenn, Portland.
Morris Jones, Dallas, Polk county.
Isaac Ball, Tualatin, Washington county.
C. B. Comstock, Portland.
A. J. Young—Missouri.
John Parkhill, Portland.
J. W. Ross, Astoria—Illinois.
J. K. Wait, East Portland—Illinois.
N. S. Todd, Woodburn, Marion county—Illinois.
G. R. Warren, Coburg, Lane county—New York
E. Heintz, East Portland—Indiana.
Robert King, Portland.
Dr. J. R. Cardwell, Portland—Illinois
John Burke, Portland.
N. S. Todd, Woodburn, Marion county—Kentucky.
O. P. Lent and wife, Multnomah county—Ohio.
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro—Pennsylvania.
Dr. W. H. Saylor, Portland.
J. R. Derby, Yamhill county—New York.
D. G. Olds, Washington county—Ohio.
E. C. Hadaway, Yamhill county—Pennsylvania.
J. A. Strowbridge, Portland.
B. P. Cardwell, Portland—Illinois.
W. T. Wright, Union—Iilinois.
W. O. Kendall, Benton county—Illinois.
T. A. Wood, Portland—Illinois.
J. W. Ross, Astoria—New Jersey.
John P. Walker, Portland—Ohio.
Dr. W. Bowlby, Forest Grove—New Jersey.
Wm. Harris, Portland—Illinois.
J. W. Briedwell, Yamhill county.
William Galloway, Yamhill county.
T. K. Williams, Powell's Valley, Multnomah county.
J. W. Huff, Yakima county, W. T.
J. W. Collins, East Portland.
J. B. Knapp, Portland.

Wm. R. Hathaway, Portland.
Adam Fisher, Columbia Slough.
Mrs. E. J. Wood, Hillsboro.
W. O. Kendall, Benton county.
Mrs. S. Rowland, Yamhill county.
John T. Fouts, Yamhill county.
W. F. Kirk, Oregon City.
J. T. Bowles, Multnomah county.
Al. Rahles, Portland.
L. M. Parrish, Portland.
S. Waldron, Oregon City.
J. B. Garrison, Portland.
E. H. Piper, Salem.
Robert Christian, Multnomah county.

1853.

John Ewry, Portland—Indiana.
N. Darling, Portland—Illinois.
D. H. Hendee, East Portland—New York.
Michael Brown, Portland—Louisiana.
F. Dekum, Portland—Missouri.
James Stewart, Portland—Maine.
George N. Taylor, Needy, Clackamas county—Ohio.
P. W. Gillette, Portland.
A. R. Burbank, Lafayette.
Dr. N. C. Boatman, Albina—Ohio.
Clarke Hay, Portland—Ohio.
L. F. Mosher, Roseburg—Kentucky.
George H. Himes, Portland—Pennsylvania.
A. Warner, Oregon City—England.
F. Ford, Oswego—Virginia.
E. T. Trevett, Pendleton—Maine.
C. W. Bryant, Clackamas county—New York.
G. L. Downing and wife, Marion county—Pennsylvania.
Henry Miller, Portland—Germany.
J. P. Wilson, East Portland—Kentucky.
A. J. Crabb, Portland—Illinois.
A. H. Blakesley, St. Helens—Indiana.

W. Hansen, East Portland.
J. W. Wilson, East Portland.
J. T. Chitworth, Damascus, Clackamas county.
Hiram Smith, Harrisburg.
L. P. Younger, Yamhill county.
Judge E. D. Shattuck, Portland.
A. F. Miller, Multnomah county.
Col. George B. Currey, Jackson county.
Rev. I. D. Driver, D. D., East Portland.
Rev. H. K. Hines, Portland.
Col. John Kelsay, Corvallis.
Capt. Wm. Kapus, Portland.

1854.

Charles McGinn, Portland—New York.
L. W. Harger, West Chehalem, Yamhill county.
Frank Story, Portland.
George W. Holsapple, Portland.

Twenty carriages or more followed in the wake of those on foot. In these were seated the president and other officers of the Association, the orators of the day and those to take part in the exercises at the pavilion, besides a number of venerable pioneers and those too infirm to walk, and several crippled. On leaving the court house the procession moved over the advertised line of march—down Fourth to Stark, down Stark to First, up First to Market, out Market to Third, and into the Mechanics' Pavilion from the west entrance.

Many thousands of people thronged the streets along the line of march to watch the procession pass in review. Soon after 2 o'clock the van reached the Third street entrance to the pavilion. In less than twenty minutes the procession had filed into the large building and were pro-

vided with seats. Several hundred were already assembled at the pavilion prior to the arrival of the procession. These were principally ladies, and a large proportion the wives, daughters, sisters and mothers of the pioneers Only a few pioneer women walked in the procession, the most of them going direct to the pavilion. There they were received by the following committee of ladies :

Mrs. Amory Holbrook,
Mrs. J. D. Holman,
Mrs. M. P. Deady,
Mrs. J. McCraken,
Mrs. R. B. Wilson,
Mrs. C. H. Lewis,
Mrs. George L. Story,
Mrs. R. Glisan,
Mrs. D. W. Burnside,
Mrs. T. Wygant,
Mrs. J. Myrick,
Mrs. D. O'Neill,
Mrs. M. S. Burrell,
Mrs. F. Dekum.

Order was soon restored and the grand marshal announced the regular literary exercises would commence. Prominent among those who occupied seats on the stand were observed: Judge Matthew P. Deady, M. Wilkins, President of the Association, Col. Mc Craken, Rev. I. D. Driver, Rev. H. K. Hines, Rev. J. L. Parrish, Col. George B. Currey, Hon. Jesse Applegate, Gen. John Gibbon and others.

An appropriate selection, discoursed by the U. S. Fourteenth Infantry Band, opened the exercises. Following the music was a brief and fitting prayer, offered by Rev. J. L. Parrish. Music was again rendered by the military band.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Col. McCraken, who had been designated as the proper person to deliver the address of welcome to the pioneers, and also to present the magnificent portrait of Dr. John McLoughlin to the Association, came forward and said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

For several years it has been the desire of the people of Portland that a reunion of the Oregon pioneers should take place in this city. No sordid interest was connected with the desire. Your coming will not add to the wealth of the city. The old residents here wanted to meet the old pioneers. The new people—those who have settled here in recent years—wanted to see and greet the men and women who crossed the plains and braved danger and death to lay the foundation for a great state.

We, who came after 1849, feel that we owe much to those who came ahead of us. After forty-nine we had gold, and gold attracts immigration. But to you of the forties, who took your wives and children and faced dangers, known and unknown, in the weary march across the continent—to you is due the credit of the Oregon of to-day. [Applause.]

There is another and a deeper interest in the pioneers of the forties. Your death list grows longer and your life list shorter each year, and those who want to see the founders of this State, must see them soon. Portland, therefore, gives you a hearty welcome.

Another duty which was to have been mine, to-day, has been placed in better hands. I was to have presented the portrait of that great chieftain (pointing to the picture of Dr. John McLoughlin), the earliest pioneer of all. No doubt many present to-day feel gratitude for material assistance at his hands. People who never saw him feel grateful for what he did for you old pioneers. I have asked a distinguished man to present the picture, and take pleasure in introducing Judge Matthew P. Deady. [Applause].

Judge Deady spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, PIONEERS, FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Sixty years ago when Oregon was an unknown country—compared by the poet with the Barcan desert; when the only intelligence concerning it was the streak left by the Lewis and Clarke expedition down the Columbia and Gabriel Franchere's "Narrative of the Northwest,"—the man whose portrait now hangs before you came to this country from the Atlantic, commissioned as chief factor and governor of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky mountains. He was clothed with absolute power. The white people were few and the Indians many. He was the ruler of this country, and had the peace and security of the people in his hands. He was distinguished for his justice and fair dealing with the Indians.

When the immigration came he was distinguished for kindness and hospitality. He always literally obeyed the scriptural injunction to feed the hungry, visit the sick and clothe the naked.

The maintenance of law, order and justice rested on his shoulders and he was equal to the occasion.

The people of Portland have thought to honor his memory by having his portrait painted and giving it to the Pioneer Association, to be taken to the fair city of Salem and hung in the State Capitol, where you may look at it and show it to your children, and they to their children, and say: "This is the old doctor, the good doctor, Dr. John McLoughlin." [Applause.]

When he came to Oregon, the Wallamet valley was unknown. The fertile fields whose products have built up this thriving city which honors itself to-day by welcoming you to its hospitality, were untilled.

Thirty years ago he laid down his life at the Wallamet Falls, where he had builded and lived since 1845, somewhat in obscurity, somewhat in sorrow, somewhat in sadness and disapointment.

But the political strife and religious bigotry which cast a cloud over his latter days have passed away, and his memory and figure have risen from the mist and smoke of controversy, and he stands out to-day in bold relief, as the first man in the history of this country—the PIONEER of PIONEERS. [Applause.]

Mr. M. Wilkins, on behalf of the Pioneer Association of Oregon, gratefully received the splendid gift, accompanying the acceptance with a few, but feeling and appropriate words.

Col. McCraken then read letters from Gov. Eugene Semple, of Washington Territory, ex-Governor Z. F. Moody, and others, expressing regrets at their inability to attend the reunion and participate in the interesting exercises.

A beautiful selection of music was rendered by the band, after whith Rev. I. D. Driver was introduced and delivered the Annual Address, followed by Col. Geo. B. Currey, who gave the Occasional Address.

In the evening the reunion appropriately closed with a ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion. The affair was successful in a financial point of view, the attendance large, and proved very enjoyable to all who were present. Banners (those carried in the procession) were distributed along at regular intervals on each side of the large dancing floor. These handsomely colored pieces of silk, bearing fantastically painted devices, mingling their various shining hues with the emerald boughs of the firs which were arranged down each side of the hall, presented a picturesque aspect under the brilliant glare of electric lights. To the attractive picture thus presented were added the ever-ceaseless movements and kalidscopic shifting of several hundred human forms, as they flitted to and fro in the evolutions of the "mazy dance." And then the delighted ear was flooded with entrancing strains of soft, subdued music, discoursed by the Fourteenth Infantry Band. Quadrilles, waltzes, schottisches, polkas, etc., rapidly succeeded each other as with swiftly flying feet, keeping time to the musical measure, the hours sped rapidly by. The "native

sons and daughters," and other younger members of the community, were not alone represented upon the floor. The honored "whiteheads" of the early times were out in force, and gave ample evidence of the youthfulness of their feelings, notwithstanding the frosts of many winters had settled upon them. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock, and continued until long past midnight.

The following was the programme:

PART FIRST.	PART SECOND.
Grand March.	Quadrille.
Quadrille.	Schottische.
Waltz.	Quadrille.
Lancers.	Polka.
Quadrille.	Virginia Reel.
Schottische.	Extra, No. 1.
Centennial Lancers.	Extra, No. 2.

The following gentlemen acted as Floor Managers:

Multnomah County—R. L. Durham, Sam. R. Stott, W. L. Boise, H. M. Hathaway.
Lane County—H. C. Humphrey.
Linn County—Charles Monteith.
Marion County—I. L. Patterson.
Benton County—B. F. Irvin.
Polk County—J. D. Lee.
Yamhill County—T. J. Harris.
Washington County—B. P. Cornelius.
Tillamook County—Claude Thayer.
Clackamas County—Fred Charman.
Clatsop County—F. J. Taylor.
Columbia County—G. W. McBride.

The floral department of the Pavilion was filled with a throng of old folks and their friends who did not care to participate in dancing, and the scenes of the forties and early fifties were lived over again as the experiences of those times were re-called and recounted over to each other. Old camp songs were sung and stories of narrow escapes by flood and Indians related. Many reminiscences of early experiences after arriving in the valley of the Willamette were brought to mind, and many long separated had the pleasure of meeting each other. Among the addresses made was one of noteworthy interest by Dr. William C. McKay, which may be found elsewhere in this pamphlet.

A business meeting of the Association was held in the art gallery of the Pavilion at 8 o'clock p. m. A large attendance was present.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

M. Wilkins, President; re-elected.
W. S. Ladd, Vice President.
Geo. H. Himes, Secretary; re-elected.
Medorem Crawford, W. H. Odell, Joseph Watt, Directors.

It was recommended that the Board of Directors appoint a corresponding secretary to reside in Portland, and an assistant corresponding secretary in every county in the State. The duty of these officers will be to make brief

sketches of all pioneers in their respective localities and preserve them for future use.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the officers of last year.

On motion of John Burke, it was voted that a committee be appointed by the President to inquire into the feasibility of an excursion to the Eastern States at some time in the fall.

Capt. J. M. Gilman, John Burke and Geo. H. Himes were appointed such committee.

A vote of thanks to the Oregon and California and Portland and Willamette Valley railways for reduction in fares to persons attending the reunion, was unanimously passed.

No further business appearing for transaction, the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

GEO. H. HIMES,

Secretary.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. I. D. DRIVER, D.D.

MR. PRESIDENT AND PIONEERS OF OREGON :

In every human undertaking two things are of special interest—the beginning and the ending. As the germ of every seed contains potentially all the developments of the future plant, so the beginning of every enterprise includes all future operations; the end is an unfolding of the successive stages of development, and their recital would be the history. Viewed from this stand-point but few incidents in human history are more suggestive than a meeting of Oregon pioneers.

In many respects the settlement of this coast has no parallel in the history of our race. The stream, which has for six thousand years been flowing westward, has here forever terminated. The restless spirit of migration in man has pushed him westward until he has encircled the globe. "As they journeyed from the East they found a plain in the land of Shinar and they dwelt there," is the simple account of man's first migration, but it is ample and full, as the phrase "journeyed from the East" clearly records their westward journeyings. We stand to-day where the journey is completed. Man will never again turn his face westward in search of a new clime. While coming generations will succeed you in many things, in one thing they never can. There will never be another generation of westward bound pioneers. As the silent fossil remains of an extinct species tell the last mournful story of their race, so future history will point to your resting place in the land of the setting sun, where the restless spirit of man can go no farther. The waves of the Pacific now breaking at your feet proclaim the journey ended.

No nation ever commenced with so rich a legacy as our own, and no country was ever settled by men of as broad culture and deep experience as the settlers of this coast.

Of our nation Noah Webster says—"The United States commenced their existence under circumstances wholly novel and unexampled in the history of nations. They commenced with civilization, with learning, with sci-

ence, with constitutions of a free government, and with the best gift of God to man, the Christian religion." The pioneers of Oregon brought with them all these gifts, with all that had been added from the days of our fathers. The nation's best material came to this coast. If this should be questioned and proof demanded, we answer by saying—in the late national conflict, which tested men by fire, all first-class material was taken from the Pacific coast. Oregon alone gave them Baker, Hooker, Sheridan and Grant. While here among us they were common men; taken back East they attained great celebrity.

It would be improper to give a history of the early settlements of this country, or narrate the causes which led to the great undertaking. This has been done so often and so widely published that a repetition would be uninteresting to new comers, and furnish no information for pioneers. One thing is certain, the task was so ponderous and the result so grand, that it will furnish material for the historian and statesman for many generations after the last pioneer has gone to his long home. Some method for collecting and preserving the incidents of your early history should immediately be adopted. Much has already been lost by this neglect, and future generations will feel the loss.

In the administration of justice in an early day, a greater contrast cannot be imagined than existed between the machinery and the conditions under which that machinery was operated. Minds of national reputation, enriched with ancient lore, and strengthened with modern progress, conforming to primitive customs, and operating under pioneer habits. In eating, sleeping and social position, all distinctions faded away. Only when on the bench was the judge superior to his legal subordinates. In 1854-55 courts were held in the Umpqua valley. The illustrious men of the country were there. Hon. Matthew P. Deady, whose distinguished ability as United States district judge has secured him a national reputation, was district judge; Hon. A. C. Gibbs, (who recently died in London,) who afterward as governor carried the State through the dark days of the rebellion; Hon. P. P. Prim, who for many years occupied the bench of the first judicial district; Hon. R. E. Stratton, who died on the bench, of the second judicial district; Hon. S. F. Chadwick, afterward secretary of state and governor of Oregon. The kitchen was our sitting-room, dining-room and parlor. In pure, patriarchal style we ate "cakes" the good housewife, Mrs. Wells, baked on the hearth. And every morning, before court opened, an aged pioneer, full of the milk of human

kindness, with a black bottle in one hand and teacup in the other, presented himself before each of us, and in soothing, interrogatory tones said—"Wount ye have a little sperits?" If the good temperance people of to-day should think this reflects on either the dignity or position of the illustrious names I have mentioned, I would explain by using the theology and philosophy of Sam Jones. After showing the grand results of prohibition in Georgia, Sam closed by saying—"All honor to the noble men who achieved this victory." When a voice cried out—"Yes, and they were all good democrats, too." To which Sam replied—"They were before they were converted."

A history of the human family is a history of progress in everything. All machinery and implements of man's invention have been of the lowest order of thought at the beginning. A great gap and many changes separate the steam engine of to-day from the one Fulton started on the Hudson. Our firearms and siege guns would confound Napoleon Bonaparte if he could be made to stand on one of our modern fortifications. Neither Hannibal, Alexander, nor Cæsar, if called up to-day could tell the use of many of our implements of war. Man has gone far on his mission of subduing the earth. Without an artisan's tool at the beginning he took the contract of filling every ocean, sea and gulf with ships richly laden with the fruits of the soil, and of filling the whole earth with the busy hum of machinery, and covering its surface with cities and towns thickly set with temples of worship whose spires point heavenward in acknowledgment of the authority of that mysterious being who sent him forth on his wonderful mission. And as he has gone on, the agriculturist or the soldier has laid aside his former implements for those of later construction and better adapted to his wants, the crossbow gave place to the musket, the steam engine superseded the woman in the mill, the sling has been exchanged for the heavy siege gun and the war chariot for the ironclad. And notwithstanding the wonderful achievements of the past the task will not be completed till every force of nature shall be made subservient to all the righteous purposes of man and the reign of him shall close, whose coming was to enlighten the Gentiles, ushering in the pentecost of science when tongues of lightning shall again speak in the language of all nations the wonderful works of God.

Strictly in accordance with this law of progress have the settlements of the world been made. Every new migration has sent out a better class of men, found a better country, and founded a better government. In every age and country men have had just as good a government as they were capa-

ble of maintaining. All nations have made their own governments, and no nation can maintain a better government than it can make. It took the progressive movements of the human race six thousand years to make and maintain our form of government. Just as one generation gives rise to another, so the labor and research of one nation have been swallowed up in another. The Assyrians were lost in the Chaldeans and Babylonians; the Babylonians in the Medes; the Medes in the Persians; the Persians in the Greeks; the Greeks in the Syrians and Egyptians, and these in the Romans; the Romans in the Goths and a variety of other nations. The formation of the English nation was one of the most important events in the world's history. For in the Englishman's veins flowed the mixed blood of all the oriental nations; for the same reason his brain became the depository of their wisdom, and his language contained their words, and produced the mind of a Shakespeare and a Newton, which at once became the receptacle of the labors of Egypt, the wonders of Babylon, the valor of Sparta and the wisdom of Greece. If I were not an American I would like to be an Englishman. The English mind was not yet prepared to make and maintain our form of government. Once more the conglomerated and refined masses must be collected and concentrated in a single nationality, and for six thousand years this continent had been reserved for the refinery process.

One thought inspired the early settlers of America. That thought permeates all our institutions, is the central idea of the declaration of independence and constitution. Divested of this they all crumble and fall; and that thought was human liberty. This was the nucleus around which everything noble in the nature of man gathered, and the truly great of all civilized nations gave it their hearty support. To this thought the sturdy German contributed his permanent fixtures, and the Irishman his bundle of wit, the Scotchman his muscle and valor, and the Frenchman his polish and grace. The Englishman, too, prompted by his own wayward spirit of adventure to seek an asylum for his family or a wider extended field for his own industry, joined the company of the strangers and in a land henceforth their own was begotten our national maxim—"E Pluribus Unum"—for here the many became one.

In every emergency and conflict through which the American people have been called to pass, their superior powers of mind and body have been demonstrated, and the results seen of concentrating all former civilizations into a single mind, giving it an aggressive force possessed by no other people.

Twice has this new element been brought in direct conflict with the mother-country, and in the days of its poverty, against wealth and superior numbers, demonstrated the truthfulness of the wise man's maxim, that "wisdom is better than weapons of war." Right here it is interesting to state that every step in the history and progress of our national existence has been strictly in accordance with natural law, and for every good, full satisfaction has been rendered to the great law of compensation, from the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth Rock to the present progress on the Pacific coast. We are not indebted to justice itself for the priceless fruits of human liberty. Our fathers, with seven years of toil and blood, purchased the tree from the proudest nation of the earth; for one hundred and ten years their sons have guarded it by night and by day, and when the arm of treason has been raised to cut it down, five hundred thousand patriots have fallen at its roots, but not a limb has perished nor a leaf withered.

The settlement of the Pacific coast stands without a parallel in the history of the world. To reach it two thousand miles had to be traveled in a single summer. Every foot of this run through powerful tribes of hostile savages. Large and rapid mountain rivers, with deep, unbridged channels, had to be crossed. Deserts of sand and sultry heat must be passed by night and in constant readiness for a savage foe. Mountains of eternal snow had to be climbed, and the ravages of cholera and mountain fever be endured. Come into camp after guarding cattle all night, find over half the men in your train down with cholera; bury one in the drifting sand, and while going back after another, see the large mountain wolves fighting over the newly-made grave. This is neither conjecture nor exaggeration, but a living reality and what your speaker has seen. Mr. Wilmot, now a resident of Lane county, was one of eight who fought one hundred savages for three hours, and came out with several arrows sticking in him, and six months afterwards a physician in Springfield cut out an arrow point measuring four and three-fourths inches in length.

History will reveal to future generations but little of the sufferings and perils of the early settlers of this country. Separated as they were by two thousand miles of uninhabited regions of mountains and deserts, it took a year for a letter to go to their friends in the States and another year to get an answer. Around Cape Horn and by way of England was the mail route then. To-day in ten or twelve days a letter will go and come. So far separated from all civilization, and no commerce to bring shipping, put the settlers

in a condition not far removed from the primal state of man so far as social benefits were concerned. To understand the difference between the early days and to-day, we would have to look at the price list paid for common articles now so abundant. Let me mention a few. I have paid in California $1.50 per pound for Irish potatoes, $1.50 for flour, sugar, 75 cents. But with all these surroundings and discouragements let no one think that the early settlers were a gloomy or morose set of men. A jollier and happier people were never seen. The same pluck that started and sustained the pioneer across the plains, bore him over the waves of adversity and kept him the creature of sublime hope. In a consciousness of his God-given supremacy over nature, with his faithful wife in his cabin home, he lived in real life all that Bryant saw in vision when he wrote—

Here with my rifle and my steed
And she who left the world for me,
I plant me down where the red deer feed,
In the green desert, and am free.

And again—

The duck that floats on silvery stream;
The prairie fowl shall die.
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky.
The panther in his native wild.
Fierce, beautiful and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

It would be difficult for any mind, however well cultivated, to conceive of the obstacles the first emigrants had to overcome, and it is extremely doubtful if a people of any other nation could have braved the dangers and overcome the difficulties. Intelligent men of other nationalities thought it an impossibility for families to ever be brought across the plains.

The celebrated Dr. McLoughlin, whose beautiful portrait has been presented to-day by Hon. Matthew P. Deady, used to say to our worthy Chaplain, Rev. J. L. Parrish—"For all coming time we and our children will have uninterrupted possession of this country as it can never be reached by families but by water around Cape Horn." Mr. Parrish, being an Eastern man, used to say to the doctor—"Before we die we will see the Yankees coming across mountains with their teams and families." The doctor said—"As well might they undertake to go to the moon." Years after when the first emigrants ar-

rived and the news reached the doctor, he laughed at and treated it as a joke. When evidence of the fact accumulated that it was true and that a train had encamped on this side of the Cascades, the doctor, went and made a personal inspection and after conversing with the emigrants, looking at the dilapidated wagons, torn covers, jaded animals, and sun-burnt women and children, he returned, and on meeting Parrish (being a devout Catholic and adhering to all the forms and ceremonies), he crossed himself, using his familiar expression, and said—"God forgive me, Parrish, but the Yankees are here, and the first thing you know they will yoke up their oxen, drive down to the mouth of the Columbia river and come out at Japan."

But these things are in the past, never to be returned. Never again will the war cry of the savage startle the immigrant from his wagon, or arouse the settler in his cabin. No more will the pioneer, in quest of a new country, turn his face toward the setting sun. The restless wave that for six thousand years has been rolling across the sea of time, has at length reached the shore; and you stand here to-day the last of the human race moved by that mighty impulse. To you is denied one of the brightest hopes of past generations—that your children, meeting with misfortune, can have access to the public domain, and that energy and industry are sufficient guarantees against poverty and want. The past is no longer a guide for the future. Up to the present the contest has been between man and nature, and nature has always yielded to industry and virtue a sure reward. Henceforth the contest will be between man and man in the great battle for bread, and very often the "fittest" in power will "survive," and the "fittest" in virtue will fall.

Nothing in the discoveries of the past has equaled in value the Pacific coast. Its climate, soil, timber and mineral wealth, make it indeed the glory of all lands; while its central position must soon place it foremost in the operations of the world. When the boundaries of a country, state or nation are defined, nature locates the central position. Four hundred years ago the capital of the world stood on an island not as large as Oregon. Since that time this continent has been discovered and peopled. With migration the center of population has moved westward. When all the territories of the world are occupied, nature will determine the commercial center. Where will it be?

The possibilities of an undeveloped man or country dare not be stated in advance. If the now recorded achievements of General Grant had been written and published while he was here among us, the writer would have been regarded insane. What would the Indians and Dutch have thought had

a picture of New York city as it now stands been shown them the day the Indians sold the whole of Manhattan island for $24 in beads and buttons? And yet as a central position, when the world's resources are developed, Manhattan island is secluded when compared with the Pacific coast.

It is a curious fact that our civilization recognizes three Divine dispensations to the human family—the patriarchal, prophetic and Christian—and the world has had just three centers of population. In the infancy of our race they were around the Mediterranean; in the intermediate they were around the Atlantic; in the third and last they are around the Pacific, and human conception can find no place for a fourth center of population nor a higher form of civilization. With the United States on the east, China on the west, Central and South America on the south, Mexico and other accessible countries, we have two-thirds of the present population of the globe around us, and all possible changes in our favor.

Moral and mental convulsions will continue to shake and disturb the discordant elements that now make up the human family, and like the physical forces, will sink and elevate, and the result will be the consolidation and unification of the human race; and when the last unworthy and unfaithful tribe and nation have been swept away, the undiminished force of the law will continue the struggle between man and man.

Children of pioneers and citizens of Oregon, with an interest and feeling that can never be expressed, we look to you to continue the great work, carry forward the great enterprises and develop the boundless resources of our beloved state and the surrounding territories. Of the legacy intrusted to your care we dare not make an estimate of either the value or labor expended. As we turn it over to you we can but think of the land as we found it and what it is to-day, of the beautiful city where we meet, the wealthiest, perhaps, for its population, on the globe. Our minds run back to the dense forests of giant firs, the habitation of savage men and beasts. When the traveler pitched his tent where any of your beautiful public buildings now stand, at sunset would have heard the cry of the hungry wolf, or the grizzly bear pass along turning back with a wistful look, or a panther glare on him from the limb of some aged tree, or the lonely cry of the wildcat filled his ears. To-day it is covered with private and public buildings of modern architectural beauty, and thickly dotted with temples of worship. Schoolhouses, of which the oldest civilization might be justly proud; and your children taught by a scholarship furnished and brightened by all modern discoveries and enriched

with the wisdom of all past ages. Railroads connect you with all parts of our great nation, commerce carries your productions into every clime, while the telegraph puts you in daily communication with the whole civilized world.

And now that the civilization of the East has overtaken the West, nature points out the great thoroughfare along which the commerce of the world will be compelled to travel. Near by you is the finest harbor and inland sheet of water on the globe, while right by your side nature has cut the only channel through the mountain range, over or through which all commerce must travel. While other routes are transporting over these barriers of perpetual snow, yours has only to overcome the grade over which the steamboats continually ply, abutting The Dalles and Cascades, and along the degree of latitude where nature directs commerce.

You take from our hands all these interests. It is for you to carry forward what we have thus far conducted, and finish what we have begun. While your task in many respects differs from ours, it loses none of its importance. We put into your hands the orchards, vineyards and cultivated fields. The public schools, colleges, churches, courts of justice and halls of legislation will be under your care. You, from these fields, forests and mines must feed and sustain commerce. You must foster educational interests make and execute the laws that shall meet the wants of rapidly growing interests and an intensely thinking age. And above all, and as a guide to all, cultivate and maintain true religion and a pure morality, which are to the state what the helm is to the ship, determining her course, and the guardian of life and treasure.

Sisters of our toils and triumphs, I should do great injustice to my subject were I to close without a word of congratulation and acknowledgment to the mothers and daughters who so faithfully and heroically sustained and helped us to reach and so rapidly improve this beautiful land, amid so many perils and hardships. We readily accord to you the first honors in the boasted progress or our country. On you the heaviest burdens have rested, while you have been an equal sharer in our perils. For us you left the parental roof and bade an eternal farewell to home and friends. By you our homes have been adorned and beautified, while you shrank from no danger or hardship. Often have I passed the cabin where a pioneer was attacked by a body of Indians at night. Early in the night the husband was killed. Seizing the gun the mother, to save her children, fought all night over the body of her dead

husband, loading and shooting, preventing them from setting fire to the cabin till relief came. For two years this lady was my neighbor, and I found her to possess a high order of talent and fine culture.

Let me congratulate you to-day, my sisters, that these perils are ended, and that the days of strife and want have been merged into peace and plenty, and your cabin life exchanged for pleasant homes, and you have lived to see your children enjoy advantages of the highest social and religious order, where they are receiving classical edueations to take first rank among theologians, physicians and statesmen, to govern and direct the future multitudes that shall live in the land of your struggles and triumphs. From children springing from such mothers great hopes may confidently be entertained—and although you may not live to see their future glory and prosperity, yet, like Moses on the mountain top, you may look across the narrow stream that separates the present from the future, and the sight gladdens your declining years.

Pioneers of Oregon, one and all, I greet you to-day with a thankful heart, and as I think of by-gone days and reflect on the dangers and hardships through which you have passed, it recalls to my mind the words of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed to his soldiers on the eve of one of his hardest fought battles—"Coming off victorious, in the future it will only remain for you to say, I 'was in the battle of Austerlitz to authorize the reply, 'behold a brave man.'" For a long time the ox-team and immigrant wagon have been laid aside. The "guide book" pointing out the road and telling where to find grass and water has been forgotten; the tent poles and wagon covers are no more used, and yet the great journey of life continues. Three hundred and sixty-five times have we pitched our "moving tent" since we last met. Henceforth our children will represent the coming Messiah, and we, John the Baptist. "They must increase, but we must decrease." Every year our numbers must diminish. Time, with long scythe and restless stride, has already met the foremost in our rank and file, und Leslie, Lane, Abernethy, Kelly, Waldo, Gibbs, Nesmith and a host of others have fallen, and his unerring aim will soon be pointed at us, who with one stroke puts every man into the hands of the guide who conducts him to his "long home," or, as the MSS. Bible translates it—"To the house of his everlastingness." Your labors and projects will soon pass into the hands of others. They will take them up where you lay them down. Others will reap what you have sown.

And here will your children and children's children amplify and enlarge upon your foundations. Your public schools will grow, and your colleges and universities educate and refine your sons and daughters; yet neither time nor change will ever raze the national or religious structure from the foundation aid by the early pioneers of Oregon.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY COL. GEO. B. CURREY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:

Responsive to the invitation which your committee extended to me to meet with you at this time and deliver the "Occasional Address," I now "report for duty."

This being the first time I have had the honor of meeting with the pioneers of Oregon, at one of their annual reunions, I am somewhat at a loss how to proceed, or to know what scope of thought or range of facts will be appropriate for an "occasional address." The truth is, Mr. President, I have never relished pioneer meetings from the fact there seems to be such an air of

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man"

about them, a sort of supplication for recognition, a dread that somebody is going to be forgotten. Well, if people should forget everything which I have done, including the fact that I came to Oregon a long time ago, it is their loss, not mine. If folks take so little interest in their own State that they do not care to inform themselves as to its history, I can not help it, and take no pains on that account. My benevolence would leave them to their own ignorance and the contemptuous pity of others.

There is one thing which I do not intend to do or attempt to do—preach any premature funerals or proclaim the pioneers a set of old *has-beens*, just tottering into their graves. Some of you have lived long in years, and an infinitude in accomplishments, and the world is better off for your living in it, and I hope you will all live to gather many crops yet, and be at the christening of many grand-children.

The question has been asked by some of the very able speakers who have addressed you on former occasions, "Why did the pioneers come to Oregon?" My response is, the disposition to move. To go west is one of

those properties of the human mind that acts without reason, and therefore no reason or "why" can be given for it. To go West is an instinct—an impulse received at the time of our creation from the moulding hand of our Creator. Ask the songster of the grove why she abandons her summer nest and, with her brood of fledgelings, starts on the long and perilous flight for the South. Fierce hawks sweep through the air through which her fight must be winged. Why does the wild goose seek the northern plashes, the homes of the polar owls, foxes and wolves? Why do the salmon, when young, go down stream to the sea, and when old, up to the cataract and death? God made these creatures to perform these journeys, and neither bird, goose nor salmon can give a more satisfactory "why" they, in obedience to the laws of their being, do these things, than an old pioneer can for coming to Oregon.

The fact is, the human race treads round the earth from East to West, in one eternal journey. The great westerly rolling wave of humanity may apparently pause for a few centuries, and at its resting places, mark the outlines of kingdoms and empires, build cities, invent and cultivate the arts and sciences necessary or convenient for the uses and embellishments of a stationary condition, and then, in obedience to the primal law, roll on, leaving ruins vast and magnificent to mark the camping place. What historians call the "decline of empires" does not convey to my mind the idea of a people's death, but rather that the people, or the larger and more vigorous portion thereof, have moved on. And if by this movement certain arts or sciences have lost their relative importance or declined, it is only in obedience to the law of the "survival of the fittest." New conditions make new demands upon the physical and mental surroundings and call forth new appliances.

A characteristic feature of this ever-flowing current of humanity, one overlooked and ignored by historians and statesmen, is that the movement, though a race, is in reality an individual one. Practically, the great changes which have been wrought in, and the displacements which have taken place in, the centers of fixed population, have been effected by individual volition, generally caused by the individual escaping from the oppressive weight imposed upon him by the institutions and rulers of the masses.

To illustrate: There are more Irishmen to-day in America than in Ireland, more Jews in Europe than in Palestine, more Yankees of the Plymouth stock west of the Allegheny Mountains than in New England. In a hundred years the Irish race will be west of the Atlantic; yet Dublin and Ireland will

remain historic Ireland; and the old Irish institutions are declining, perishing into a mere memory, yet the Irish race is strong, vigorous and more numerous now than at any period of its history.

The movement of the Irish race across the Atlantic ocean is the result of individual effort. The Irish peasant determines his own time and manner of leaving the "Green Isle," and with his face to sundown selects his point of debarkation. Palestine has acknowledged rulers alien to the faith of Abraham and obeyed other than the laws of Moses for centuries, yet Jerusalem in her ruin and degradation is affectionately revered by more Jews than Solomon reigned over.

The language we speak and call our mother tongue, many of our nursery songs, much of our poetry, nearly all the figures of speech by which we express our ideas of God and eternity, bear unmistakable evidences of an Oriental origin, instructing us that our remote ancestors in the long, long ago dwelt on the banks of the Indus, sang their lays of war and love on the plains of Asia Minor, and with deep veneration attempted to catch the music of the spheres, amid the starry glories of Chaldea, when the morning stars sang together.

It has been tramp, tramp, tramp, from the Garden of Eden until now. Man has always been a wanderer, with his back to the old home, fleeing from oppression, to, in turn, become the oppressor. Rome was founded by fugitive slaves and bankrupts, yet they founded a state that perpetuated all the evils they had fled from, and Rome bankrupted and enslaved the world. The founders of our own nation were refugees from oppression who fled to the wilds of America that they might enjoy religious and personal liberty; yet they, even they, practiced intolerance and adopted a system of human slavery the most cruel and hopeless to the unfortunate slave the world has ever known.

Many of Oregon's pioneers were exceedingly anxious for the passage by the United States Congress of the donation law, rejoiced at its enactment, and cheerfully took lands thereunder. Yet it is a historical fact that a majority of the beneficiaries of that law ardently supported and, at every opportunity, voted for men and measures unfriendly to the passage of the homestead law. But I fancy you are thinking what has all this to do with the settlement of Oregon, or why people came here. I have said I could not give a reason for man's wandering.

Since I have been in Oregon I have asked numerous persons why they came here, and have received about as many answers as persons questioned.

Several persons from the old slave states told me they came to Oregon to escape the constant dread of a negro insurrection. One man from the North came to get rid of "Saucy free negroes." Several thrifty Southerners came to be in a land where they did not have to own slaves in order to have their families recognized as social equals by the more influential portion of society. Others came to get beyond the degrading influence slavery had on labor. Some came to escape the fever and ague of the Mississippi valley. The genial climate and picturesque scenery attracted many. The long cold winters of the North sent many across the plains. Some got tired of catfish in Missouri, or suckers in Illinois, and wanted to change on to salmon. One had heard there were no cockle burrs in Oregon and thought wool picking would be easy here, but this same individual was sorely disappointed because there was no "warnuck bark" here.

That grand old patriarch, Lindsey Applegate, assured me a few days ago that he came to Oregon because a pro-slavery mob, sustained by an intolerant public sentiment, drove him and his friends from the voting place in his native state in 1842.

The best reason I think I ever got was from a genuine Westerner, who said he came "because the thing wasn't fenced in and nobody dared to keep him off."

These persons who came here during the heroic forties may have been full of state-making schemes, and deeply interested in the most approved method of growing a crop of civilization, but we of 1853 were of lighter mode; some of us did not care whether there ever had been or ever would be a state founded. In fact, if we had found one in the woods ready-made and in running order, we would not have hitched on to it. The chances are we would have smashed the windows, from sheer habit, mistaking it for a country school house. But doubtless there were those who thought their mission in life was to wander off somewhere in the woods and found a state, but I did not meet any of that kind. To some the word "State" brought up with startling force unpleasant memories of worthless bank bills, and high taxes, and it may be possible there were some that had flitting visions of state grand juries, sheriffs, etc., and somehow felt safer outside of state lines.

As for civilization, we had a full grown and headed-out crop right along with us, for many of us came from Missouri, and who ever saw a Missourian in the fifties that was not chuck full of civilization, constitution, Tom Benton's speeches and the Jackson resolutions?

On May 20, 1853, our train of fourteen wagons, bound for Oregon, crossed the Missouri river in the *Highland Mary*, at a few scattering houses called St. Mary, I believe. Our first camp outside of organized territory was made in the high grass on the bank of the Missouri river, a short distance below the Omaha Indian Mission, which was the last house we saw until we reached Fort Dalles, about the middle of October. Here, for the first time, all seemed to comprehend the full import of the step we had taken. It was a time when neither man nor woman would reveal their inner thoughts. Each communed with the whisperings of his own soul. None wanted or brooked intrusion. All effort at hilarity was a dismal failure. What others thought I never asked, or sought to know. The occasion hallowed the place and silenced forever all idle curiosity. To me it was a people holding a last reverie on the border that swept back to its old home. In silence, and without formal ceremony or conventional expression, each looked to and beyond that great wide mad river.

That group of people standing amid the tall grass, penciled by the setting sun, the long shadows that seemed striving to reach back to the old home, the rolling river, wide and impetuous, the burnished landscape stretching far to the east, the whitened tents, and arched wagon covers, the grazing cattle and smoking camp-fires, formed a scene at once thrilling and pathetic. These people were a detached fragment, freshly torn from their native worlds, hastening without orbit into space. The cold dark water of that fretful river rolled like a huge relentless monster across the lines of their being. The roar of the mighty flood was an echo from the realms of barbarism, from whence it rolled; its waves seemed to have caught a spirit of cruelty from the fierce people who wandered among the springs of its mountain birthplace. The swish of the leaping waves was the sentence of banishment, hissed by exultant furies. A banishment from all they had been, a condemnation to isolation and a life in the back-woods. Were these people fugitives from the light and opportunities of the nineteenth century, seeking the shadowy gloom of barbaric mildew on the dull surface of a stagnant present?—or were they the advance guard of progress and natural expansion?

Our train effected no organization, other than a common understanding that each would do his part. We had no captain to hold responsible for the petty annoyances of the road. There was no pompous strut of brief authority, or irritating insubordination. As free men the journey was commenced, and as such prosecuted. The cares and duties of home, farm and citizenship

were transferred to camp and road ; the duties were changed but responsibility remained. The family was the unit; its integrity was unaffected. Each yoked its teams in early morning, plodded on until nightfall, and unyoked. During the afternoon some member of the train would ride ahead and select a camp for the evening, or often the guide-book was relied upon. Often several trains would camp at the same watering place, so that the camp would be an ephemeral village of several hundred people, and a thousand or more cattle. The stock was guarded during the night, sometimes near camp, and at others from one to two miles away. The men and larger boys took their turns in guarding the cattle and camp. Each day repeated its yesterday until the end of the journey. Our route extended for several hundred miles up the north bank of the Platte river, through an almost continuous meadow of wild grass, with billowy sand hills on the right and the yellow waters of the river on our left. On this part of our journey camp gossiping was indulged in and often protracted too far into the night, and as a consequence the people would be drowsy the following day.

I have seen representations of immigrant trains moving in close order, under mounted officers, the men on foot with shot pouch and powder horn at their sides, long rifles on their shoulders, pistols and formidable knives in their belts. In coming up the Platte our people were too sleepy for such wise precaution or pantomimic war. After the first few miles in the cooler morning scarce a woman or a child would be seen outside of the wagons, and as the sun beat hotter, the landscape lost its charms to the men, and they, too, sought the friendly cover of the wagons. The drivers stalked limberly and lonesomely by the sides of their ruminating teams, but as the sun beat upon that tireless plain, bathing the sweltering landscape with glimmering heat, the crack of the whip became less frequent and the driver would crowd between the oxen's heels and the wagon wheel and take a sidewise seat on the wagon tongue, and nodding, drive. At intervals the driver would wave his long whip and drowsily drawl out "Get up thar," and relapse into silence. There was sort of a rhythmical sequence in these somniferous "Get ups," which at regular times welled out from that slow line of dusty teams and sleepy drivers. Like the answering calls of farm yard fowls, when one driver would call out "Get up," "Go along," each companion would repeat the admonition to his sluggish charge. Thus in sleepy dreaminess the train would wend along for hours.

The approach to a spring or running brook was the occasion for life and activity. The cups, coffee pots, cans and kegs were hurriedly sought amid the confused upper deck of the wagon, to the discomfort of the sleeping children, and a general escapade would take place from the wagon toward the

water. All seemed indifferent as to toilet, but intent on getting a drink. You who have never breakfasted on fat bacon, coffee and camp-cooked bread and slept and dreamed of desert and thirst in an immigrant wagon, cannot understand why the immigrant would drink at every spring or creek. Nor can you, who have never stood by a bubbling spring, in a strange, wild land, with the thought that it may be miles and miles to another drinking place, comprehend the satisfaction afforded by the full-mouthed swallows from its cooling wealth.

The cooling drinks have pacified the protesting children, and amid the hum of conversation, ringing laughter, and sometimes a song, the western roll of wheels is resumed. At times a thunderstorm would rush from the prolific West, darken the sky with its threatening frown, and by its bellowing thunder and jarring peals, fiery bolts and zigzag lines of fire, make the earth to quake as if in mortal fear, and in a moment, with vollyes of hail and torrents of rain, drench the homeless wanderers.

Amid the awful roar of thunder, the lightning's startling glare, the pelting hail and drenching flood from the wind tossed clouds, the men and boys and often women, had to guard the storm-belabored, frightened beasts to prevent them from stampeding and scampering pell-mell over the plain. When the storm came at night the solicitude was intensified by our helplessness, and where our teams would be on the morrow none could know.

There was sickness on the plains, though 1853 was an exceptionally healthy one for immigrants. The measles started on the journey with us, but died for want of food. Of mountain fever we had some, accidents a few, colds a better supply than we cared for, sore eyes in abundance, and of sore mouths and lips a preposterously large supply. To wipe the fine dust from watery eyes with a rough coat sleeve or dirty apron was neither pleasant nor ornamental. But the very acme of petty torture and facial deformity was to lick a circle round a pair of raw lips.

To be sick at home in a cool, well ventilated, room, with fresh bedding, cooling drinks and tempting delicacies, the family physician within call, the drug store and neighbors within reach, is unpleasant and the sick couch is disagreeable. What, then, must it have been for the invalid confined in a traveling wagon wandering through a strange land, beset and being consumed by a strange disease, dependant on a stranger for doctor, the sun beating with "malignant relentlessness" on the thin wagon sheet but a few feet above his enfevered head, the dust sifting upon him in stifling clouds at every jar of the trundling, springless wagon, the chug-chug as the wagon wheels fell into holes, or strike with stunning jar upon rock or bone, the steep hill-side road that rolls his aching body with painful lurch against the lower side of the wagon bed, the steep down-hills that almost stand him on his feet and sends him,

catching at wagon bows, to the front end of the wagon to the great disturbance of the children, the steep up hill that almost stands him on his head and fills him with a hopeful dread lest he slide out behind and be left as food for the wolves, and be at rest. We had no deaths in our train, though there were many newly made graves by the road side. Funerals on the plains have been described by abler pens than mine and I will not attempt it. Of births there were one or two, and of marriages none in my train As for courting—well. I was a boy just at the big, ugly stage. The truth is, I would rather not say anything about the little camp luxuries for fear some of the brave old heroes about me should think I did not have half so hard a time on the plains as they did. And we all know that every genuine old pioneer is in honor bound to have had the hardest time on the plains of any other person living or dead. The trials and tribulations of the other fellow are not worth mentioning on the same day with the stupendous things *he* has "seen and done."

After I had somewhat got over the blues at starting, and began to feel weaned from the pawpaws and ague of Indiana, and the wild honey, turkeys, buffalo fish and shakes of Missouri, I had a tip-top time and splendid appetite. I got used to being afraid of the Indians, and began to rather like the dread and uncertainty of life surrounded by danger. There was something that struck the meek side of my nature in being where I was not wanted, and in traveling through lands that others owned, and in defiance of their wishes, a sort of embryo-communism. There was a luxury in stalking through the Indian's grass and shooting at his game akin to the delight of raiding a watermelon patch or transporting a bee-hive "by the moon's silvery light." I do not suppose the grave old state builders or civilization planters ever feel that way.

With each day's journey towards the setting sun, the world seemed to enlarge to my vision.

The conditions of nature changed, and with it the forms of life and vegetation. The general law controlling both animal and vegetable life in the Mississippi valley seemed to be diffusive. Vegetation was spread in one unbroken carpet, completely covering the earth, while animal life was everywhere. As we approached the high latitudes of the Rocky Mountains the law was changed, and the order of nature seemed to be concentration. The grass seemed to form a continuous sod, but grew in concentrated bunches, leaving open bare spaces; the trees gathered in clumps in the canyons or groves along the streams, leaving vast reaches of verdureless earth.

The wild animals, instead of being evenly scattered over the country, gathered in vast herds, like the buffalo, or in villages like the prairie dog. For miles the absence of insect life rendered the silence painful—no hum of wing or chirp of grasshopper—and then the very heavens would be darkened with a countless host of winged locusts, or the earth literally creeping with myriads

of big black crickets. Millions of salmon would invade the rivers at stated times, and then disappear, leaving the waters comparatively lifeless. Nature seems to have anticipated the "boom" frenzy on this coast. It was a new world—another chapter in which to study infinity.

The midsummer sun, the rarified air in the high latitude of the South Pass told fearfully upon the wood-work of our wagons. Every bolt had to be tightened to the shrunken wood, and various were the expedients improvised to keep the tires on the wagon wheels.

The constant labor, withered pasturage and close guarding from Indians had greatly impoverished our stock. Rumors from near the front of the immigration brought word of Indian trouble; a few graves by the roadside, marked, "Killed by Indians," produced a profound sensation of danger.

The journey was scarce half completed; mid-summer was upon us. We had now passed so far North and West of the Santa Fé trail, and the protection given it by the United States, that as far as we were concerned, there had as well been no United States government.

From the South Pass the nature of our journeying changed, and assumed the character of a retreat, a disastrous, ruinous retreat. Oxen and horses began to perish in large numbers; often falling dead in their yokes in the road. The heat-dried wagon, striking on rocks or banks, would fall to pieces. As the beasts of burden grew weaker, and the wagons more rickety, teams began to be doubled and wagons abandoned. The approaching storms of autumn, which, on the high mountains at the last end of our journey, meant impassable snow, admitted of no delay. Whatever of strength remained of the jaded cattle must be forced but. Every thing of weight not absolutely necessary must be abandoned. There was no time to pause and recruit the hungry stock, nor dare we allow them much freedom to hunt the withered herbage, for a marauding enemy hung upon the rear, hovering on either flank, and skulked in ambuscade in the front, the horizon was a panorama of mountains, the grandest and most desolate on the continent. The road was strewn with dead cattle, abandoned wagons, discarded cooking utensils, ox-yokes, harness, chairs, mess chests, log chains, books, heirlooms, and family keepsakes. The inexorable surroundings of the struggling mass permitted no hesitation or sentiment.

The failing strength of the team was a demand that must be complied with. Clothing not absolutely required at present was left on the bare rocks of the rugged canyons. Wagons were coupled shorter that a few extra pounds might be saved from the wagon beds. One set of wheels was left and a cart constructed. Men, women and children walked beside the enfeebled teams, ready to give an assisting push up a steep pitch.

The fierce summer's heat beat upon this slow west rolling column. The herbage was dry and crisp, the rivulets had become but lines of burning sand;

the sun glared from a sky of brass; the stony mountain sides glared with the garnered heat of a cloudless summer. The dusky brambles of the scraggy sage brush seemed to catch the fiery rays of heat and shiver them into choking dust, that rose like a tormenting plague and hung like a demon of destruction over the panting oxen and thirsty people. Thus day after day for weeks and months the slow but urgent retreat continued, each day demanding fresh sacrifices. An ox or a horse would fall, brave men would lift the useless yoke from his limp and lifeless neck in silence. If there was another to take his place he was brought from the loose band, yoked up and the journey resumed. when the stock of oxen became exhausted, cows were brought under the yoke other wagons left, and the lessening store once more inspected; if possible, another pound would de dispensed with.

Deeper and deeper into the flinty mountains the forlorn mass drives its weary way. Each morning the weakened team has to commence a struggle with yet greater difficulties. It is plain the journey will not be completed within the anticipated time, and the dread of hunger joins the ranks of the tormentors. The stench of carrion fills the air in many places; a watering place is reached to find the putrid carcass of a dead animal in the spring. The Indians hover in the rear, impatiently awaiting for the train to move on that the abandoned trinkets may be gathered up. Whether these are gathering strength for a general attack we cannot tell. There is but one thing to do—press on. The retreat cannot hasten into route, for the distance to safety is too great. Slower and slower is daily progress.

I do not pretend to be versed in all the horrors that have made men groan on earth, but I have followed the "Flight of Tartar Tribes," under the focal light of DeQuincy's genius, the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon, but as far as I am able to judge, in heroism, endurance, patience and suffering, the annual retreat of immigrants from the Black Hills to the Dalles surpasses either. The theatre of their sufferings and success, for scenic grandeur has no superior. The patient endurance of these men and women for sublime pathos may challenge the world. Men were impoverished and women reduced to beggary and absolute want, and no weakling's murmur of complaint escaped their lips. It is true, when women saw their patient oxen or faithful horses fall by the roadside and die, they wept piteously, and men stood in all the "silent manliness of grief" in the camp of their desolation, for the immigrants were men and women with hearts to feel and tears to flow.

There can be no shadow of doubt but that it was the duty of the government to have protected from savages' threat and assault this long line of its citizens. They were travelling within its border, to become inhabitants of an organized territory, at the invitation of an act of congress to go take land and make a home there. The warlike and predatory habits of the Indians through

which their route led were well known to the rulers of the nation. Why were these people invited into the wilderness, and then abandoned? The story of the old immigrant road is one of slaughter, torture and captivity of American citizens. War was waged with the Barbary powers because citizens had been captured by some of its petty chiefs. The young republic threw down the gauge of battle to the British lion to maintain its right to protect American citizens. An Irishman or German returning to his old home could not be arrested by the civil authorities there but the American eagle screamed with rage. But the immigrant could be dogged to poverty, captured, tortured and murdered, year after year, within the lines of our own dominion, and no effort made to protect him. Standing at the graves of an American family which the Indians had murdered, in 1853, I, then a boy, asked the question I now repeat, "Why was no protection offered the immigrant?"

The question cannot be answered without revealing the occult policy that dominated this goverment so long.

To that dark power your life nor mine was as nothing, no matter from whence we claimed our nativity, so soon as we set our face to the Northwest with the purpose of abiding there. It was battling for power and political control, and a new state in the Northwest might endanger its supremacy, and, therefore it did not want you to come. It dare not unmask its purpose to the face of the nineteenth century and tell you, who were born under its dominion not to come, or why, but it could and did refuse you the protection your birthright as an American citizen entitled you to, and which you ought to have received. It turned a deaf ear to you and yours, when surrounded by the hereditary foes of your race. When an army 18,000 strong, most of the men weaving in their time in mimic tactics in the safe vicinities of large cities, or at comfortable posts, surrounded by cordons of farms and settlements. It made no effort to see that you and yours were not massacred. DeQuincey tells us that when the Chinese government learned that the retreating Tartar tribes were returning to their old allegiance, it sent troops to protect them. The immigrant had never left the soil of his country and never denounced his allegiance thereto, yet his goverment sent no troops to his succor. The Russian cavalry hung upon the rear of the retreating Tartar. The Indian hung on the rear of the immigrant, skirted his flanks, and menaced him with ambuscade in front.

At Soda Springs on Bear river, we received word from the trains ahead of us indicating that increased trouble might be expected from the Snake Indians, whose country we were about to enter. This information caused several trains to travel in company or in supporting distance. This, while it added to security from the Indians, increased the suffering of the famishing stock, and augmented the danger of being caught by the snows in the mountains. But

dread of the Indians predominating, we chanced the elements to avoid the savage. The means of communication with the trains in front was the "Bone Express." The road up the Platte was strewn with bones, mostly buffaloes, which the Indians had slaughtered in their annual migrations. From the Black Hills to the Columbia the whitened bones of the perished cattle of previous immigrations, were strewn thick along the route. On these white bones the passing pilgrim would pencil his message, and place it in a conspicuous place by the roadside, an open letter for all to read. Many were the bits of information and friendly messages that were thus left and read. The dry bones were made to talk. Sometimes the lack-lustrous skull would inform John that Mary was all right, or a shoulderblade would inform Polly that James was going to take the California road, assuring her that wood and water were better on that route, and hoping she would follow directions for crossing streams and gullies, or to find grass and water one mile or more off the road, were sometimes found on the ever-present bone. Information about the Indians was also conveyed, or rather fixed by means of the "Bone Fxpress."

Shortly after leaving Soda Springs and the California road, we found a young man by the name of D. Booth, whom the Indians had mortally wounded and left to die a short distance from the road. He was hauled along for a few days and died at Salmon Falls on Snake river, and was buried. After the train moved on the Indians (a few of whom came into camp here to swap salmon for shirts) dug up the body, stripped off the scanty clothing that had served as a burial suit, and planted the body head down, with heels in air, in the grave. About this time another young man straggled some distance from camp in search of horses, and never was heard of more.

From about this time there began to be organized what was termed "Walkers' train;" that is, young men who had no family connections in the train, would take a small allowance of provisions, a bed quilt or blanket, and push ahead for the end of the journey. The general pretext was to save provisions and leave more for the women and children, but I always doubted the genuine chivalry of the move, but rather deemed it a route in which the consideration of the actors was purely personal. As we reached the Powder river plain one autumn afternoon, not far from where Baker City now stands, the dark billow of the Blue Mountains rolled athwart our pathway and as we stood gazing at its shadowy but formidable hights, from the lofty roll to the left of the Meacham Station (Lee's Encampment), there shot up to the sky a stately column of smoke; all eyes caught it. I heard some of the women say "Signal Fire." The men said nothing, but looked, first at the dark ascending pillar of smoke, and then at the groups of women and children. What were their thoughts I never knew. At night extra precaution as to surprise

was taken, and as provisions were now quite low, an immigrant yearling was slaughtered for food. It was neither rare nor juicy, yet it was an improvement on nothing. The night passed without molestation. On the third day from seeing the signal smoke we arrived at the rim of the Grand Ronde valley. Looking down upon this, the most beautiful valley in Oregon, we could see large numbers of Indians riding over the plains.

No choice was left us; friendly or warlike, we had to pass through that valley, and down the hill we started. Reaching the foot we soon learned that the Indians we had seen were a large band of Cayuses and Nez Perces, who, following the custom taught them by Dr. Whitman, had come this far out to meet the immigrants, trade with them and protect them from the Snake Indians. Here for the first time in several months we felt safe and went to sleep without guard, leaving our hungry stock to feed at will amid the abundant herbage of the Grand Ronde.

The smoke which had caused so much apprehension was the Nez Perce signal of aid. It was the fiery banner of friendship and succor, sent aloft by these dusky people to proclaim their presence and good will.

At Grand Ronde the retreat ended, and all felt safe. The abundance of food which our liberated cattle were enabled to gather from the hillsides and brooks arrested the ravages of famine, and few died thereafter. Our journey was continued slowly, but with a sense of security, and consequently in comparative comfort.

Provisions had begun to be scarce, but dried peas and some potatoes were purchased from the Indians, and a small quantity of flour, at fifty cents per pound, was procured from some white traders. With this the remaining stores were eked out, and in due time all arrived on the west bank of the Des Chutes—some continuing over the Cascade mountains, by the Barlow road, and others passing down the Columbia river, taking the families, wagons and remaining effects in open boats, and driving the cattle along the precipitous banks of the Columbia, and finally all arrived in the Willamette valley, wearied, sunburnt, impoverished and hungry. Winter was fast approaching, the farm operations for the season were closed, few of the immigrants had money, the remnant of their stock was in no condition to sell, except at ruinous sacrifice, yet all needed supplies. It was a difficult matter to find employment and an absolute necessity to have such. Rail-making and hewing timber were almost the sole opportunity of the immigrant to procure food and raiment. As for houses, we stowed away as best we could in huts, sheds, shanties and cabins. Many of the bachelor settlers threw open their desolate halls to the weary, dowdy families. By dint of mutual good offices, much forbearance, a great deal of scrimping, patching and doing without, the winter wore away and the search for homes began in earnest in the spring. If the

future historian, if there ever should be one, will go carefully over the road with each immigration to Oregon from 1842 to 1861, he will, I have no doubt, find the actual loss sustained by the pioneers of Oregon, justly attributable to the government's neglect of its plain duty to render protection, will foot up more than a million of dollars in excess of the price of the land it donated to the settlers. If he will scan the circumstances of the immigrant as they land on the west bank of the Missouri, he will find them a class of well-to-do, thrifty people, men who have had land and homes of their own earning, nearly all of which had been sold to buy an outfit for the plains. If he will then station himself at the entrance into the settlements of Oregon he will see that a large proportion of this outfit has been consumed by the disastrous journey, and the well-to-do thrifty looking citizen and his family have been worn by the friction of the trip to a tattered band of hungry petitioners—begging his brothers of the earth to give him leave to toil. But if the old home and early life's earnings were consumed by the desert, there was one thing that was not diminished by the ruggedness of the route—our appetites.

An immigrant's appetite—who can forget or describe it? It was illimitable in its voracity, and then seemed eternal in its cravings. Even now, viewed from the realm of satiety and dyspepsia, it seems glorious in its robustness and courage. It would attack anything from dried salmon to boiled wheat, and get away with it. It prescribed but one condition to the cook—plenty. The only word it learned from the courtly jargon was muck-a-muck. Hi-yu-muck-a-muck was the la-la-ly to which we went to sleep to dream of pots of flesh and kettles of potatoes.

After we had lost much of our property and complexion in the mountains, and finally reached the protection of the Nez Perces, our train seemed especially ravenous for potatoes. A wag used to set the whole camp roaring about potatoes by slyly slipping about the camp-fire, and apparently in all innocence, make use of the word potatoe, in some ingeniously framed sentence, and then take a convenient position and await results. The hum of many voices would soon be heard, and the chorus of each group would be potatoes. It was potatoe here, and tater there, and tater, tater everywhere.

When we reached Oregon in the fall of 1853 a population of something near 40,000 whites had settled in the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River valleys. Society was organized socially and politically. A large portion of the people were residing on their donation claims, but there were several towns. Oregon City was just about to become the Lowell of the Pacific. She was soon going to harness the Willamette falls and set up spinning for all creation. Portland had metropolitan dreams, and soon hoped to dictate terms of per cent. and profit to the rest of the country. Champoeg was hilarious with hope, and held corner lots at rates which would now purchase half

the town. La Fayette was famous for its "fall races" and long criminal docket. Salem was happy—she was great—for was she not the capital of the Great Northwest, and resident home of that mighty potentate "The Salem Clique"? Mingled with the whites were numerous Indians. Adjacent to most of the white people's towns were Indian villages. In the valleys skirting the mountains, along the creeks and rivers, were often found the red men's camps or villages. In the seaside valleys and slopes, along the bays and streams west of the Coast range of mountains, the original Indian population had scarcely felt the white man's presence. All eastern Oregon was Indian country, with but few white settlers near the United States fort at The Dalles. The Indians in Oregon were more numerous than the whites. A cordon of Indian tribes begirt the white settlements. No pathway reached the Oregon settlements that did not pass through Indian country.

From the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains to the Missouri river was the home of the redman, in all his pristine glory and independence. To the north, the same wild fierce people hunted, sang and warred, as they had done for a thousand years, to the uttermost limits of the frozen north. To the south was the homes of the untamed Tchastas and Utes, kinsmen of the deadly Comanches, and their equals in cunning and ferocity. The ocean rolled to the west, but washed an almost shipless coast. The isolation was complete. Leagues upon leagues of forbidding mountains and unfriendly deserts, peopled with jealous savages, lay between us and the great mass of our countrymen.

Here was an offshoot from the robust, aggressive race, exercising the right to establish permanent homes among, and crowd from their ancestral dominions, a people strongly attached to their country and tribes, and war-like and fierce in their nature. Conflicts and violent abrasions were inevitable. Peace was impossible. Security to the whites could have no hope but in the conquest, absolute and complete, of the Indian.

But my talk is done. I come not here to awaken the echoes of the war-whoop, or revive memories of massacre or battle. The sword is not my theme. There are those in this city who have used it, and been honored therefor, and we have heard their story of its prowess.

My task is to call from dust and dark forgetfulness that advance banner of Americanism and progress—the ox whip. Its crack was the command "Forward to the nation." Its sharp, keen accent proclaimed that obstacles to prayers must be overcome. It waved aloft on the prairies of the "Old West," and pointing to the new, a vast throng took up the westward march, which, keeping step to the music of destiny, dashed across the broad Missouri, rolled a living tide up the grassy slope of the Platte, scaled the imperial hights of the Rocky mountains, and with "the tread of a giant and shout of a

conqueror" defied the heat, dust, thirst and hunger, the desert heart of the continent, leaped the Blue Mountains, paused but quailed not on the banks of the deep, wide Columbia, where again the potential crack is heard and the mighty, "rock ribbed" walls of the Cascades are stormed, and as the line rolls bravely over the giddy summit the exultant driver gives a grand triumphant crack into the stolid face of grand old Hood, the storm-clad sentinel of the mountain fastness. The people have reached their goal. The spell is broken. The errand has lost its magic, its mission has been accomplished. A state, with freedom's diadem effulgent on its brow salutes the eye, and dipping its young hand in the Pacific completes the baptism of human liberty and proclaims an "ocean-bound republic." All hail and honor to the ox-whip, the symbol o the grand, achieving force of its age.

MARY E. FRAZAR.

BY THOMAS FRAZAR.

Mary E. Frazar, whose maiden name was Evans, was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 13, 1816; was married to Thomas Frazar at Lynn, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1849; she died in Portland, Oregon, on April 21, 1884, aged 67 years and 4 months. After her marriage her home was in Dorchester, Mass., until the 16th of July, 1853, when, with her husband and five little girls, the eldest but thirteen years (when married to Mr. Frazar he was a widower with four daughters) she sailed from Boston on the ship Whistler for Oregon, by the way of Cape Horn and San Francisco, arriving in Oregon in December, the same year, after a passage of one hundred and thirty-five days. Mrs. Frazar took an early interest in the welfare of Oregon, and was very active in all charitable works; she took a leading part in the sanitary commission during our civil war; an earnest Christian, believing in the Master's words, "by their fruits ye shall know them"—the hourly and daily life we lead was her standard of Christianity. In her theological belief she was Unitarian. This conviction was formed after a careful and constant reading of the life of Jesus, as portrayed by his disciples.

None knew her but to love and deeply respect her. She was a devoted wife and mother, to her own and her adopted children. Two children were born to her, a daughter and son; only two of the six children are now living, the two oldest of her husband, Mr. Frazar, Mrs. J. F. Griswold and Mrs. M. S. Burrell, widow of the late Martin S. Burrell, of the firm of Knapp & Burrell, of Portland. Mrs. Frazar's home for the last two years of her life was at Forest Grove, Oregon, where her husband still resides.

CAPT. WILLIAM SHAW.

BY T. C. SHAW.

Died, at the residence of his son, G. W. Shaw, Howell Prairie, Marion county, Oregon, on the 20th day of January, at 6 o'clock a. m., Capt. William Shaw, aged ninety-two years, one month and five days. Uncle "Billy" Shaw, as he was commonly called by his neighbors and all those that knew him, was born in Wake county, North Carolina, about seven miles from Raleigh, the State capital, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1795, and came of Revolutionary stock, his grandfather, James Shaw, having served through the Revolutionary War. His father, James Shaw, and his grandfather were both born in Maryland, where his grandfather left six brothers with large families when he moved to North Carolina some time after the Revolutionary War, date not known. When William, the subject of this sketch, was about seven years of age, his father and family moved to Cocke county, East Tennessee, where they resided for eight years on the French Broad River; they then moved to West Tennessee, where they lived until after the War of 1812, where the father died, leaving William, who was his eldest son, to take care of his mother and family. In the year 1814 there was a call for volunteers to go to the South to defend our country against the attacks then being made by the great and renowned Gen. Packenham, of the British army, and among many other Tennesseans was William Shaw. Gen. Andrew Jackson had command of the forces, and moved them immediately to the attack. The first place he met the enemy was at Pensacola, where a short engagement took place, but the British soon left the city and took to their ships and weighed anchor and went to sea, leaving Jackson in full possession of the city and country. After a few days' delay the forces under Jackson were all marched to Mobile, where there was a garrison left, and among the companies stationed there was the company that William Shaw enlisted in. They remained there on duty until the war closed, and then were discharged and sent home. On arriving at home he took charge of his mother and family again, and provided for them. In the year 1817 William, then a young and vigorous man of twenty-two years of age,

taking his mother and her four children with him, moved to Howard county, Missouri, where he lived some four years; from thence he moved to Clay county, Missouri, and was married to Miss Sarah Gilliam, sister of the late Gen. Cornelius Gilliam, at Liberty, Clay county, Missouri, in the year 1822, from which marriage there were nine children born, eight boys and one girl, five of whom have died, three in infancy and two after they were grown, to wit: William I. and Robert G. Four are still living, T. C. Shaw, of Salem; G. W. Shaw, of Howell Prairie; Col. B. F. Shaw, of Vancouver, and Mrs. Mary Sackett, of Jackson county, Oregon. He remained in said county until 1832, then moved into Clinton county and went into stock-raising and farming. This not proving a success after a trial of six or seven years, he moved again, into Andrew county, a new county laid off out of what was known as the Platte purchase. Here again he bought a farm, and immediately commenced to improve it, and was again engaged in farming until the year 1844, when sold out his farm and purchased wagons and teams and an outfit for Oregon; and on the 10th day of May, 1844, in company with a large train of wagons and many friends and relatives, he bid farewell to his old home in Missouri and struck out in a northwesterly direction for the far-famed Oregon, and after a very tedious and toilsome journey of over two thousand miles, arrived at The Dalles on the 15th day of November, having been on the journey more than six months. Here the family had to winter, owing to sickness. They came down, however, in the spring and stopped awhile at Washougal, W. T., and the men folks put in the summer making shingles and cutting and rafting saw logs for the Hudson's Bay Company, at Vancouver. In the fall they moved over to Marion county, Oregon, and rented the old M. E. mission farm of Alanson Beers, and raised a splendid crop; and in the fall of 1846 they settled on Howell Prairie, Marion county, and here took up a donation claim of six hundred and forty acres of as good land as Oregon afforded, and remained here permanently, improving and farming his land. In the year 1847, sometime in December, the news came that Dr. Marcus Whitman and wife and some twelve or fourteen other American citizens had been murdered by the Cayuse Indians. Gov. Abernethy immediately made a call for volunteers. The Shaw family, being somewhat patriotic and courageous in nature, responded to the call by sending four of their number, the father leading them, who was at first elected a first lieutenant, and afterwards captain of a company, and did good service until the Indians were well chastised and run out of their country.

He then returned home and engaged in the cultivation of his farm and the civil pursuits of life. He was not allowed, however, to remain in the pursuit of his favorite calling, but was soon called to serve his countrymen in the legislative body of the territory. This was in the year 1850. As soon as the legislature adjourned he returned home to his family and immediately entered upon the duties of his chosen occupation, that of farming. He continued his work on his farm until the year 1876, when his worthy companion was called away from him by death. He then broke up house keeping, and lived with his children until his death, as above stated. As to his religious character I will state that he was an old-fashioned Methodist, having joined the M. E. church in the year 1823. He was soon appointed a class leader, which office he continued to fill for over thirty years, and was only released from said duties when it was thought he was too old to perform such service. He lived and died an exemplary Christian, and I have no doubt but that he is now enjoying the sweet reward of the long service of his Master while here on the earth. He was a friend to the poor, and always did everything in his power to alleviate their distresses. No one was ever allowed to go away from his place hungry, to which fact there are many in Oregon and Washington Territory who will testify. He was a kind-hearted husband and an affectionate father, and will long be remembered by those who knew him.

Peace be to his ashes.

REV. CLINTON KELLY.

BY DR. RICHMOND KELLY.

Thomas Kelly, the paternal grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was born in Philadelphia, Penn., in the year 1759. At the age of eighteen, and during the occupation of the city by the British army, he secretly abandoned his home to avoid the British "draft" preferring separation from home and kindred to bearing forcible arms against his country. He went thence to Virginia and soon after enlisted in a company that was being formed for the protection of the frontier against Indian depredations. Returning from the service he married and located in Botetourt county, Virginia. He afterwards moved to Greenbriar county, Va. About the year 1800, with a family of six sons and three daughters, he left Virginia with the intention of making his home in Illinois, but meeting with General Canada, on the way, was by him induced to try his fortunes in Kentucky. The two families located in Lincoln county. Kelly, with the larger portion of his family subsequently moving to Pulaski county, where he died and now lies buried.

Samuel, third son of Thomas Kelly, was born in Botetourt county, Va., in the year 1783. Accompanied his parents to Kentucky; married Nancy Canada, Sept. 3, 1807, and located on Clifty Creek, Pulaski county, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was a millwright and mechanic; he manufactured saltpetre, Epsom salts, spirits of turpentine, linseed oil, lampblack and gunpowder. He built and operated, for the benefit of himself and neighbors, upon Clifty Creek, which ran by his place, a small grist mill, run by water power; the same stream furnishing power for his linseed oil and powder mills. The mud sill, upon which rested the grist mill, lies in the identical position and apparently as sound as when placed there by his hand more than three-quarters of a century ago. The method he adopted for grinding the flaxseed, and expressing the oil, was entirely original with him, and is perfectly unique; a description of the process would be interesting but space forbids. During the proper season everybody and everything savored loudly of linseed oil; the pork upon the table, even, did not scorn to manifest

the same undisguisable character from having been fed upon oil cake. His traffic in these staples of commerce, particularly oil, brought him recognition in all the markets of the State, in the existing primitive condition of manufacture.

Samuel Kelly was a man of recognized genius and ability, respected alike by all who came beneath the sway of his influence, as a man among men. Aided by a naturally rich mental endowment, an indomitable purpose and untiring energy, he acquired a fund of general information that placed him easily in the van, even of educated men. His mental storehouse was filled with treasures accumulated by ceaseless and vigilant improvement of meagre opportunities. The pine knot, the solitude of nature, the midnight hour, the few treasured books of history, were the means to the end; for, his quest of saltpetre led him to the caves far from home and civilization for months continuously, with few or no living companions other than the wild beasts of the wilderness that often crossed his track, or endeavored to share his evening meal.

In his dress and habits, he was remarkably eccentric, in his conversation, droll, and many are the amusing anecdotes related of him illustrative of these idiosyncrasies.

Having business in Frankfort, connected with his manufacture of linseed oil, at a time when the legislature was in session, he called upon Judge Towsil Quarles, the representative from Pulaski county. The judge invited Kelly to take dinner with him at the hotel, where would be concongregated the wit and learning of Kentucky. When the hour arrived, the rough looking Pulaskian, dressed in homespun, and home-tanned, and home-made shoes, was the cynosure of all eyes, and many were the smiles and sly glances furtively exchanged at the rich prospect of amusement. Kelly sat down, as was his custom at home, with his side to the table, taking his plate upon his lap. During the course of the meal, a waiter responded to his call for milk, and had partially filled his glass, when Kelly said "enough." The waiter, thinking to fill the glass, continued to pour, but Kelly, at the word, enough, removed his glass allowing the fluid to flow upon the table to the no small amusement of his audience and the discomfiture of the waiter. After dinner some one asked the judge if that was a fair representative of his constituency, to which he replied with a decided negative, and invited some of the gentlemen to his room that evening when they might learn farther concerning the uncouth looking stranger. Accordingly, at the time appointed,

some eight or ten of the representatives were on hand, eagerly awaiting further developments. The conversation speedily turned to the consideration of current topics and affairs of general importance to state and nation, when amusement gave place to astonishment and respect. They had before them a man well versed in law and history, and more than their match in political debate. The following day they informed Judge Quarles that Pulaski had sent the wrong man, and that he would do well to return at once, and resign his seat to Sam Kelly.

Samuel Kelly, died October 13, 1834. His mortal remains have mingled with the dust of Mt. Zion where they await the final summons which all the dead shall hear and obey.

Clinton Kelly, oldest child, in a family of twelve, of Samuel Kelly and Nancy Canada, was born June 15, 1808, on Clifty Creek, seven miles southeast from Somerset, the county seat of Pulaski county, Kentucky, at the place now known as Mt. Zion. He early in life developed the traits of character, the peculiarities of manner of his father to such a remarkable degree, that the familiar cognomen of "Little Sam" was applied to him by his youthful companions. His boyhood was spent on the farm; his evenings devoted to reading and study, and although his school days were few, his advantages limited, he acquired by persevering and energetic application a good education for the times. Among his other studies he included medicine, which he pursued for several years for the double purpose of gaining the superior knowledge thereby afforded in the rearing of his family, and for the purpose also of subserving his humanitarian object in life. The knowledge thus gained proved invaluable to him many times in subsequent years when the services of a practising physician could not possibly be obtained. Under such circumstances he was never known to exact a fee, but gave with a princely hand of his time and resources for the alleviation of human suffering. When quite a young man, his intellectual attainments secured for him the position of schoolmaster in the neighborhood school, which position he filled acceptably for several terms; numbering among his pupils many his senior in years. His boyhood days were few, if indeed he may not be classed with that small minority who seem never to have had a boyhood. Very early in life responsibilities were voluntarily assumed, or were thrust upon him by reason of his mature mind. His father being a manufacturer, and necessarily away from home much of the time, the care and management of the farm early devolved upon Clinton under the supervision of his mother. That mother was

a woman of noble character; an uncompromising enemy to the use of ardent spirits—bitter in her denunciation of the curse because it had wrecked her father's home; faithful and true to her beloved religion and the cause of right. No burden was too heavy, no task too difficult, when a fellow being needed assistance. After the death of her husband she continued the business of the farm and the care of the household, supervising the seeding and harvesting. This godly woman consecrated four sons to the itinerant ministry, who overcame apparently insurmountable obstacles to become the bearers of the precious tidings of salvation to a fallen race, and have entered upon their reward. What higher encomiums of praise could be bestowed upon a mother? She instilled so effectually her own convictions and love of religion into the minds of her children that her family as a result were total abstainers—a wonder of the times. Her eldest son in a remarkable manner manifested those principles which ever dominated his subsequent career. He was led, as a result of such training, to devote his life to the service of God and humanity. He became a remarkable Bible student, many hours daily being devoted to reading and meditating upon the sacred Word. Possessed of a retentive memory he was able in after life to repeat extensive portions of Scripture and often remarked that should misfortune deprive him of the use of his eyes he would be able from memory to largely reproduce the inspired writings. How sweet a solace, and what a tower of strength.

At the apparently early age of nineteen, though more mature than his years, he was betrothed to Mary Baston. About this time he began public exhortation, having been brought under conviction during a revival of religion in his neighborhood a few months prior to this time, and converted shortly thereafter, while rafting logs on the Cumberland River. He was married, Aug.— 1827. Five sons were born to them of whom three are living, Plympton and Archon, both of Multnomah county, and Hampton, of Wasco county, Oregon. Shortly after his marriage, he was licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church, serving the church in this capacity for several years. Joined the Kentucky Conference in 1835, and for his first work was assigned to the Glasgow circuit with Rev. J. C. C. Thompson. He continued in the itinerant service until the division in the church in 1844, serving thereafter in the same relation the M. E. Church up to the time of his departure for Oregon.

With reference to his status relative to the division, already mentioned, it may be said here that he strenuously opposed it, both in public and private

chiefly for two reasons: he was unalterably opposed to slavery and considered it the duty of the church of God, above all, to denounce the inhuman traffic; he believed, and so prophesied, that the separation in the church would be the first step towards an attempt to disrupt the nation, and the one event would necessarily hasten the other; an event toward which he looked forward with the gravest apprehension. After the unhappy separation had occurred, he regarded it as an unfortunate affair, deeply to be regretted by all loyal and Christian people. When Lincoln was nominated by the Chicago republican convention of 1860, after the rupture had taken place in the Charleston democratic convention and the nomination of opposing candidates, he prophesied that war was inevitable and that the breach would not be healed in thirty years.

During his twelve years active connection with the conference he traveled over the greater part of Kentucky, much of it a sparsely settled wilderness; the people poor, roads unimproved, circuits large, often comprising an entire county, or parts of several counties. In view of these circumstances, his ministerial work was necessarily attended with peculiar hardship and privation. On many of his circuits he preached once, and frequently twice, every day, except Saturdays; and, even thus occupied, an entire month would be necessary to accomplish one entire round. Money was by no means plentiful, trade being carried on by barter, hence, from a monetary point of view, his remuneration was small, by no means adequate in itself to the support of a family. He served one charge an entire year, receiving therefor twenty dollars in money, and that during the last quarter. Without other resources it would have been impossible for him to have continued his services. Yet these years, trying though they were, were always associated in his mind with the most sacred memories. Active service in the Lord's vineyard was a pleasure of which he could not deprive himself, hence he continued, in one capacity or another, to serve the church up to within a few weeks of his death. But his name is held in grateful remembrance by scores of Kentuckians, who recall with pleasure and gratitude his zealous, able and faithful ministrations. During a goodly portion of the time spoken of, after his sons were old enough to work on the farm, his family remained on a portion of the homestead given him by his father. Expenses were thus reduced to a minimum, he further assisting in their maintenance and his own support by making baskets, repairing shoes, etc., as he rode on horseback from appointment to appointment.

He was bereaved of his wife June 14, 1837. Was united in marriage to Jane Burns, June, 1838. A daughter was born to them, who came with her

father to Oregon, married James Aiken, both now deceased. His second wife lived but two years after marriage, dying July, 1840. After this event he removed with his young family to his mother's home, his father having died in 1834, continuing, however, his ministerial labors. The succeeding winter his beloved mother died (Jan. 26, 1841,) leaving him now deeply and peculiarly bereaved—with the responsibility not only of his own young family, to whom she had been a true mother, but the management also of the maternal estate and the care of the minor children. The following March, accordingly, he was united in marriage to Moriah Crain, by whom he had nine children, six of whom are living—Sarah M. Kern, East Portland, Oregon; Hon. Penumbra Kelly, East Portland, Oregon; Laura F. Turner, Tulare county, California; M. Emily Shaver, East Portland, Oregon; F. B. Judy, Fresno county, California, and Dr. Richmond Kelly, Portland, Oregon.

After the separation in the church, foreseeing that a rupture must inevitably occur in the states, that Kentucky, by reason of its geographical location, must be the arena where much of this drama would be enacted, and desiring to rear his family as far removed as possible from the blighting influence of slavery, he conceived the idea of leaving his native State and emigrating to the West. Accordingly, in the fall of 1847, at the close of the conference year, with his family and household goods loaded upon three wagons and a cart of his own manufacture, he set out from Greene county on the long and perilous journey toward Oregon. But little was known of the resources of Oregon at this time except through rumor, and accounts more or less vague and uncertain. His being the first family to emigrate to Oregon from that section of the State, his departure elicited a great deal of sharp and adverse criticism. Practically nothing was known of the place as a base of supply, hence, under the circumstances, he manifested forethought and wisdom in bringing a complete farming equipment, and tools for working both wood and iron. At the journey's end, it became comparatively easy to criticise this policy—many of the heavier articles had to be abandoned on the way, and it was ascertained the same articles could be purchased here. The winter of 1847 and 1848 was spent in Van Buren county, Missouri, twenty miles south from Independence. Departing thence in the spring, purchasing flour and some other needed supplies at Independence, he repaired to Indian Creek, the usual rendezvous of western emigration. At this point the train was made up, and on May 1st they resumed their journey toward the setting sun. The train, at the outset, numbered about thirty able men, capable of standing guard; but the number va-

ried at different stages of the journey. Among the married men composing the train were, Catlin, Richardson, Cox, Wells, Huntley, Brown, and Welch. Aside from these there were several single men, among them, Joseph Watt, well known throughout the State and for many years a resident of Yamhill county. He brought with him his brother Thomas, aged nineteen years. His brother Albert started with him, but his cattle were stampeded by a thunder storm while campedat Lone Elm, the second night out, and he was compelled to abandon the trip for that year. At the parting interview between the brothers, when it became evident that they must part, Clinton took his purse from his pocket and handed it to his brother, an act vastly more expressive than words. The incidents of the journey—the hardships, the trials, the dreadful anxiety—would fill volumes, but were such as only belonged to the time and place.

A portion of his train took the Greenwood "cut off," he, with others, taking the Fort Bridger route—farther, but considered safer. He arrived at The Dalles late in September, having suffered the loss of some stock, some of the heavier goods and one wagon, abandoned on Snake river, but without loss of life. From The Dalles a portion of the household goods and farming implements, about two thousand five hundred pounds, were transported by water to Oregon City, under the direction of Dr. Saffaran. After remaining a few days, to permit the cattle to recuperate somewhat, the remainder, with the family, crossed the Cascade mountains, the most trying part of the journey, by the Barlow pass, which was little more than an elk trail over apparently the most precipitous ground. The entire first day of October, just five months from Indian Creek, was spent in descending what was called the "backbone," a hill on the opposite side of Sandy from Revenue's. Rain had fallen the night previous and the mountain road was so slippery and precipitous that for the cattle to keep their feet was simply impossible. Many devices were resorted to to overcome the difficulty—hitching cattle behind the wagons, dragging logs behind, letting the wagons down by ropes, etc. Indellible marks upon trees and rocks along the old road to this day attest the daring and hardihood of the pioneers. After a halt of a few days at Foster's, the journey was resumed to Oregon City. Oregon City, having some eight hundred or one thousand inhabitants, was the metropolis of the entire Pacific coast. Descending the Willamette river, Milwaukie was next in importance: while Portland, in comparison, was a very small village. It boasted of one store (Crosby's) on the north side of Washington street, between Front and

First; a small shop on the same block was opened about this time by Judge Moran, but did not continue long in existence; a blacksmith shop, a school house, near First and Pine, and a few unpretentious cabins scattered here and there in the dense forest. After reaching Oregon City the last dollar was paid for storing room, in which to dry books, goods, etc., which had been unfortunately wet in the river passage by the carelessness of the Indians. A portion of the goods were never recovered. Here the winter of 1848–49 was spent. Here he buried two of his sons, aged sixteen and fourteen. By the advice of Seth Catlin, whose claim was located a short distance south of the present site of East Portland, Clinton visited during the fall of '48 the claim afterward known by his name, and determined to locate thereon, paying Baker, the agent, $50 for the squatter's title and interest. After looking the ground over with great care and precision, and taking into consideration her natural advantages, he came to the conclusion that Portland was destined to be not alone the metropolis of the Northwest, but a city of vast proportions. A conclusion which the lapse of time only served to confirm. His convictions of Portland's future were clearer and more decided than those of the other pioneers; a fact to the truth of which scores could testify, who at one time or another have conversed with him on the subject.

Early during the following spring he moved upon his donation claim with his family. At this time the woodman's axe had scarcely marred the forest primeval, over which roamed the wild beasts at their own free will. The roads were Indian trails, he being the first to open the road between Portland and his place in the direction of Powell's Valley. The neighbors were few and widely scattered, but none so warm-hearted and hospitable—Seth Catlin, Gideon Tibbits, James Stephens, Jacob Wheeler, and John Caruthers; and, on the Columbia bottom, David Powell, Thomas Cully, and —— Switzler. He was among the first in the vicinity to turn his attention to gardening and the growing of fruit, and hence very early the products of his garden found their way to market, first upon wheelbarrow, direct to the river, thence conveyed across upon his own flat boat. The day of small beginnings to be sure, but the proceeds of sale were not so small relatively, $20 per load not infrequently being realized. Upon the Sabbath the entire family attended church at the school house mentioned above, taking the usual conveyance—walking, to the river, where the family skiff was brought into requisition for conveying them across. The river was not so wide in those days; time and the elements have removed at least thirty yards of embankment from the old landing place.

Here, in the first Methodist class organized, the church letters were placed in the spring of '49. Plympton and Hampton united, being the first received on probation. Oregon City and Portland were in the same circuit. That fall Fathers Wilbur and Parrish, senior and junior, were sent to this charge, the former taking up his residence in Oregon City, sending the latter here. In the spring of '50, Rev. Parrish having been appointed Indian agent, Father Wilbur came to Portland, assumed charge and commenced the erection of the first church. Here the membership remained until January, '53, when it was transferred to Mt. Tabor, where the class was organized and a Sunday school, at the house of David Prettyman, comprising the Kellys, Prettymans, Nelsons, Gillams, Wittens, and Mrs. Newell. The same fall the society began the erection of a school house upon the summit of the hill, which was not completed until the spring of '54. At their first meeting in the new school house, which was not entirely finished, the question arose as to name. Clinton proposed Mt. Zion, which was adopted. Plympton objected to the name because of its being so common. He had recently been reading the wars of Napoleon, and was impressed in particular with the description of one battle scene which the great general had witnessed from Mt. Tabor, accompanying which was a glowing account of the peculiar feelings of the general as he stood upon that mountain, made sublime in sacred history, so he proposed the name Mt. Tabor, making a plea in support of the proposition, with the result that the vote was reconsidered, and the beautiful hill became Mt. Tabor and not Mt. Zion.

His ruling passion throughout life, and strong in death, was to do good to others. He did not unite with the Oregon Conference, but served the church, however, in another capacity with unremitting zeal until sickness deprived him of the power to do more. During his residence at Oregon City he preached regularly, and almost the first thing done after moving upon his claim was to have an appointment circulated for preaching service at the Portland school house, which appointment he maintained during the occupancy of the school house, and the first church edifice that succeeded the school house, a church which he assisted in building, supplying therefor the cushions for the seats. For a number of years, also, he conducted services regularly at Milwaukie, walking the entire distance by a trail through the dense forest, provided only with a stout hickory cane to ward off possible attacks from wild beasts. Many times upon his return would he discover in the dust of the trail his own tracks partly obliterated by those of a panther or cougar

that had skulked in his rear. Subsequent to the organization of the society at Mt. Tabor he maintained services at that point until the membership of the family was transferred to the society organized at No. 2, afterward, Lee Chapel—both places of worship situated on the homestead on land donated by him. He assisted in maintaining divine worship at various points on the Columbia Slough from Fairview to St. Johns, at Powell's Valley, Cason's Prairie, assisting, also, at the different camp-meetings held at Ames' Chapel, Kelly Camp Ground and Powell's Valley.

He gave liberally of his earthly means to church and other laudable enterprises, material assistance being uniformly expected from him in the erection of every church edifice in the vicinity.

His home was always a refuge for the poor and needy; and no application for food and shelter was made in vain, or for employment, where the seeker offered as a plea that he was out of money. His home was a resort where neighbors and friends delighted to congregate, sharing his hospitality and joining in social converse. He erected upon the most sightly knoll on the east side of the river, a large two-story log house, which could easily be fortified and used as a place of defense in an attack from Indians. During the "scare" preceding the Indian War of 1855-6, the neighbors living to the east flocked in, and were housed and fed until the danger had subsided. He cleared his land at enormous expense, having in his employ constantly a small army of men and boys as much to furnish a home to the homeless as to subserve his personal interests. He was a prominent figure in the streets of Portland—well-known because of his strange, coarse garb—favorably known because of his unwavering honesty and integrity. Misfortunes overtook him, but in the midst of them all, he was never known to murmur or complain. In January, 1863, his wife died, leaving him now to journey alone. In 1866, his house burned, destroying many articles of hereditary and intrinsic value. In 1872, his large barn, the largest in the State, burned, destroying the accumulated stores of the summer's toil. He was seriously involved by endorsement, but over all these trifles his Christian manhood gained the ascendant.

He died June 19, 1875, aged sixty-seven years and four days. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, gathered from near and far, to manifest their respect for a man whose departure created a void that time has not filled.

Of his printed works, but two have been preserved; both upon religious

subjects, manifest remarkable depth of research and clearness of understanding.

Much could be written commendatory of his private life—pure, unsullied, unruffled—but it is written in the hearts and lives of those who felt his influence, and whose characters were unconsciously molded by contact with him. His last illness was lingering and painful, a portion of the time being unable either to sit up or lie down. Death delayed his coming for weeks as if to try the patience of the man who had never spoken a fretful, unkind, or uncharitable word. While on his death bed, his soul yearned for the lost and erring, and he longed to tell his Christian brethren something of the keeping and sustaining power of the grace of God in the trying hour of dissolution. Many times, during his last illness, he had the workmen called in, with friends and neighbors, for the purpose of giving counsel and admonition as his large religious experience and clear convictions so abundantly enabled him to give. The lives of some were changed from that hour. Finally, when he could no longer speak so as to be heard by the friends gathered at his bedside, and for the benefit of those who were not able to visit him, he dictated the following testimony concerning his beloved religion, with the request that it be published in the hope that it might be the means of turning many from the errors of sin to the light of the gospel—a fitting finale to a grand and successful life :

"After a protracted affliction, very feeble in body and very near the end of my earthly pilgrimage, I feel a desire to inform my numerous friends, in and out of the church, of my prospects for another world. During my affliction, I have had many manifestations of the great love of Jesus, which has given me patience and resignation, and a good hope through grace : and I suppose that if hundreds, nay, even thousands, of men and women were present to witness my unshaken confidence in God, who can have no such opportunity, it would be a saving lesson to them. I want to say to one and all that there is no name given under heaven whereby we can be saved only the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. For fifty years it has been my special care to make myself acquainted with the religious theories of the world, and the best you can do for your soul's sake is to cast the whole of them to the moles and bats, and trust alone in Jesus Christ for salvation from sin here, victory in death, and eternal salvation above. This you will all ad-

as if your souls were in my soul's stead, standing ready to depart. I want you to understand that this is not the result of a fevered brain, or hallucination of any kind. I have not had one hour's fever in the whole course of my disease. My mind has been all the while as clear and rational as through common life.

"Now, if this little circular should bring any of you to God, I am content.

"CLINTON KELLY."

CHARLES HOLMAN.

Capt. Charles Holman, who died in this city on July 3d, 1886, was born in London, England, on the 22d day of July, 1833. In the year 1836 his father and mother brought him to New York city, but, owing to the very hard times in the United States, they returned to London, arriving in that city on the day of the coronation of Queen Victoria, in 1837. The family lived in London until the year 1849, when the father and son returned to the United States, and the father located on a tract of land in Indiana, where he lived two years and then went to New York city, where he was joined by his wife. But Charles remained in Indiana and obtained a place in a store in a small town, which he held until he left for Oregon, Before going into the store he had become acquainted with the late Col. Isaac R. Moores, and learning that the Colonel intended to come to Oregon, he made arrangements to come with him across the plains. They arrived at Portland in the fall of 1852. After reaching Portland he went into the business of selling goods with the late James Loomis, and shortly afterwards opened a small store upon his own account at Monticello, on the Cowlitz in Washington territory, and was the first clerk of Cowlitz county.

In connection with the business of selling goods he carried on the business of buying produce and shipping to California. When he attained his majority he took Asa Harker into his business with him as a partner. They prospered and afterward opened a store of general merchandise in this city. Here they soon established for themselves the reputation of good, safe business men, and took rank among the leading merchants. After a few years' confinement in the store Mr. Holman's health began to fail, when he sold out his business and bought a farm near the Cowlitz river. He farmed only three years, but he regained his health. He then built the steamer John H. Couch, and became part owner in the steamers Belle and Cowlitz. He afterwards formed a copartnership with William H. Harris, in the business of general merchandising, at Umatilla landing. About a year thereafter they closed out their business, when Capt. Holman again visited London, and dur-

ing his absence Mr. Harris and Mr. Burton bought the store of J. L. Parrish & Co., Portland, Oregon. Upon Capt. Holman's return from England, he purchased Mr. Burton's interest in the book store and again became a partner with his friend Mr. Harris. Six or eight years thereafter and during the copartnership, Mr. Holman again visited England, and during his absence Mr. Harris sold out the stock to J. K. Gill & Co. After this he had many times invested in steamers, in transportation lines and in the dray and truck business, and at the time of his death he and his two sons, Herbert and Charles, owned a farm and much valuable stock in Clackamas county.

He led a very active and useful life, contributed his share to the growth and prosperity of Oregon, was respected by his neighbors and those who knew him best. He always took an interest in public affairs.

He leaves sorrowing a very respectable family—his very estimable wife, the daughter of Benjamin Huntington, with whom he became acquainted and married while he was in business at Monticello, and five sons and four daughters. All will miss him and feel his loss.

PROF. L. J. POWELL.

Son of David and Almedia Powell, was born in Kentucky, May 19th, 1834, moved with his parents to Cass county, Missouri, in 1837. In 1847, his parents crossed the plains to Oregon, and settled about seven miles east of Portland, where his father lived and died. He promised his mother, who died in 1848, never to touch intoxicating liquors. In her last sickness she charged him to strive for an education. These promises were the guides of his life. At the age of fifteen he went to California, during the gold excitement; worked a year, earned a thousand dollars, which he gave to his father.

He was a volunteer in the Indian war at the Cascade massacre in 1856. He entered the Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, and graduated therefrom in 1861.

December 22nd, 1861, he married Miss Martha Ransom, of Yamhill county, and soon after took the chair of mathematics of the Willamette University, which he held for fourteen years. For one year he was principal of the Tualatin Academy at Forest Grove; for two years had charge of the Collegiate Institute at Albany. He was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state which position he held for four years.

His popularity as a teacher extended beyond the bounds of his state, and he was called to the presidency of the Territorial University of Washington which he held until his death. He was a firm believer in Christianity, and was a minister of the M. E. Church for many years. He died in Seattle, August 17, 1887. Prof. Powell by nature was one of God's noblemen; with too much native good sense to be effected by wealth, or dazzled by position: his big heart led to strong attachment to his friends and his nobleness of soul made *true* men his life-long companions.

DAVID POWELL.

Was born in Kentucky, March 15, 1814. In 1837 he moved to West Missouri. In 1847, he crossed the plains to Oregon and settled about seven miles east of Portland, where he died on the 8th day of April, 1887. David Powell was the father of Prof. L. J. Powell, A. M.

He was a man of strong natural talent, born to rule and make circumstances yield to his will. He had the honor of representing the largest and richest county of his state in the highest branch of the legislature for several terms. He was the father of eleven children; five only survive him. Mr. Powell saw the growth of Oregon from a settlement and sparse population—watched the growth of Portland from a small village to its present size. Highly respected by his neighbors and dearly loved by his children, he was gathered to his fathers in a good old age and left a name long to be remembered.

GEORGE BUSH.

BY FRANCIS HENRY.

The subject of this sketch, George Bush, one of the early pioneers of Oregon and Washington Territory, was a mulatto, and born in Cow-pasture county, Pennsylvania, on March 15, 1778. About the year 1788, he went with a man named Montgomery from Pennsylvania to Cumberland county, Tennessee, where he lived until he was eighteen years of age. At that age he removed to Illinois and became engaged in the stock business. In 1816, he removed with his stock from Illinois to southern Missouri, from whence he again removed in 1836 to the Western or Platt purchase in northwestern Missouri, having in these years by the business tact, industry and economy for which he was always noted, accumulated a considerable property. In the spring of 1844, he started for Oregon with Gilliam's train, furnishing teams and means from his own pocket to bring several families, who were his old neighbors, over the long journey. The winter of 1844 he spent at The Dalles, taking care of emigrant's stock, for which he was paid so much per head. In the spring of 1845, he came down the Columbia river by what is known as the pack trail, driving his stock, and settled on the Washougal river, where he remained until the fall. From thence he removed to what is now Thurston county, Washington Territory, and took up a donation claim upon the prairie some four miles south of Olympia, which prairie took his name as the first settler, and is now known as "Bush Prairie."

Though Mr. Bush, being of half-negro blood, was precluded from the benefits of the donation law which were confined to every white settler or occupant of the public lands, American half-breed Indians included, etc., it is gratifying to be able to know the fact that the legislature of Washington Territory at its first session passed a memorial praying Congress to remove the disability, and that the Congress did, without delay, on Jan-

uary 30, 1855, by a special act confirm Mr. Bush's title to the 640 acres of land taken up and claimed by him.

Upon this claim Mr. Bush resided continuously up to the date of his death, which occurred April 5, 1863. Though George Bush has been dead a quarter of a century, his memory is still fresh and green in the minds of those who knew him; for he had both the ability and will to be hospitable, when hospitality meant something substantial, and in those early days his hand was always open to the deserving who needed assistance.

Mr. Bush's children still own and occupy the old homestead and are counted among the most industrious, useful and enterprising citizens of Thurston county.

PETER SCHOLL.

The ancestors of Peter Scholl came to America from Holland, about the year 1750. There were two brothers of them, John and Peter. John turned out in the French and Indian War, and was killed at Braddock's defeat. Peter married and settled in Virginia. His descendants intermarried with the Boones, and thus we are enabled to trace them to Kentucky in early days.

William Scholl (father of the subject of this sketch) was born in Boonesborough, Kentucky, September 22, 1784, and died at the age of about sixty-five years, in Missouri. He was a nephew of Daniel Boone, "the hunter of Kentucky." Peter Scholl was born in Clarke county, Kentucky, October 20, 1809. When he was about seventeen years of age, his father emigrated to Illinois, and settled in Scott county. After a time, Peter enlisted in a volunteer company, under Captain Samuel Rogers, commanded by Colonel Thomas Neal, and took an active part against the Indians in the Fever River expedition. Being honorably discharged from this service, he was married to Elizabeth Cowhick in 1828. In 1831 he again volunteered under Captain Robert McDow, commanded by General Joseph Duncan, and took active service against the Indians in the Rock River expedition, or the "Black Hawk War," as it was generally called. After his discharge he returned to his family and devoted his time to agriculture, in which occupation he accumulated a competency for the maintenance of his growing family.

In 1834 he moved to Pike county, Illinois, where he resided for a number of years, universally respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

In 1846 the frontier fever, which had been prevalent in that country for some time, assumed an epidemic form, on a small scale, and he determined to cross the desert plains to the far-distant Territory of Oregon. After the necessary preparations, Peter Scholl and family, with a few friends and old neighbors, started for the Pacific coast April 5, 1847. Such a journey, in those days, was no child's play, performed, as it was, with ox teams, plod-

ding through the dust and heat, climbing mountains and swimming rivers, and not knowing one moment what the next would bring forth. His company arrived safely at Oregon City October 9th, after a painful and wearisome journey of six months and four days. Think of that, ye who can now step into a palace car and with home comforts and four or five days' time, accomplish the same distance.

In those early days the Indians were peaceable, and, with the exception of occasional thieving, made no trouble. They were ignorant in regard to the value of money, and, in one instance, an Indian refused $2.50 cash for a fine buffalo robe, and afterwards traded it for a ten-cent looking-glass.

The first installment of Mormons came to Salt Lake that season. Sometimes they were ahead, and then the Illinois company would pass them, and in this way Peter Scholl traveled in the foremost company for more than half the distance across the plains.

Six children were born to Peter and Elizabeth Scholl—three girls and three boys. The eldest, Lucy E., married Stephen H. Walker. George W. died in 1856. Sarah H. married Charles J. Merrell. After about six years of a happy married life, he died very suddenly with heart disease. She afterwards married James R. Bennett. Wm. T. was never married. He is a member of the Oregon Pioneer Association. Mary S. married Jacob S. Risley. Peter Boone, the youngest, married Louisa E. Leverich. He enlisted and was engaged in the Indian war in Eastern Oregon and Washington during the last year of the rebellion. He contracted disease in the army from which he never recovered, and finally died in 1887, leaving a widow and one child.

During the winter of 1847 Peter Scholl and family resided in Oregon City. In the spring of 1848 he moved on to a place near Milwaukie, about four miles northeast of Oregon City. As there was no law here then in regard to land, the citizens of Clackamas county organized an association for the benefit and protection of land claimants, and to settle all disputed points by arbitration. The following named persons composed the above association: Peter Scholl, Peter H. Hatch, J. D. Holman, M. M. McCarver, Harrison Wright, Absalom Cornelius, William Meek, Philip Foster, Alphonso Boone, A. R. T. Locey, J. McCormick and James Officer.

There was an unwritten law among the settlers at that time allowing each man to hold a section of six hundred and forty acres of land; and when the

land law was finally passed by Congress, granting three hundred and twenty acres to the husband and a like amount to the wife, it produced consternation among those who had no wives, and were still holding a section of land.

"A crusty old bachelor, lonely and gray,
Remarks with a sigh as time passes away,
I hate all the women, and yet it is plain,
I must marry soon or lose half of my claim."

The consequence was, some who were too old and others who were too young, got married to save land, and this was the real foundation for so many divorce cases in Oregon.

In October, 1848, Peter Scholl moved to Washington (I think it was called Tualatin then—a name it should have retained) county, and located on the Tualatin river, about ten miles southeast of Hillsboro. He established a ferry across the river, and afterwards built a toll bridge. Subsequently a post office was established, and it has since been known as "Scholl's Ferry Post Office."

There is a grindstone among the relations, made by Peter Scholl in 1848, from a block of sandstone which came from the vicinity of Astoria. This was undoubtedly the first, and is, perhaps, the only article of the kind ever manufactured in Oregon.

About the year 1870, he sold out at Scholl's Ferry and went to Portland, where he resided up to the time of his death, which took place in November, 1872. His wife died the same year.

Peter Scholl and wife both professed religion and joined the Baptist church early in life. After their arrival in Oregon, they attended church under the ministrations of Rev. Hezekiah, father of Hon. W. C. Johnson, of Oregon City. After his removal to Washington county, Rev. Mr. Snelling preached periodically at his house for a length of time. Rev. Mr. Weston also held divine services there at times.

Peter Scholl was a man endowed by nature with a strong and vigorous intellect, combined with a great deal of energy and ambition. Simple and unassuming in his manners and customs, he involuntarily won the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. He was not contentious, never attempting to force his personal views upon another. It was remarked of

him by a close observer of human nature—"Uncle Peter Scholl is the only man I ever saw that had exactly the right kind of religion."

It was men of this character and disposition, accompanied by their heroic wives, mothers and sisters, who severed all connecting ties with home and civilization and struck out boldly upon a trackless desert, known to be inhabited by howling wolves and merciless savages, and surrounded by dangers seen and unseen, who finally reached and saved Oregon to the United States.

God bless the American pioneers. Long may they be remembered by a grateful country. W. T. S.

MRS. LUCINDA SPENCER.

Mrs. Lucinda Spencer was born in Ross county, Ohio, December 25, 1816, and her twin sister was named Malinda. They were the daughters of Thomas and Martha Cox, who resided in that State until 1825, and then emigrated to Indiana, where they resided until 1833, when Mr. Cox moved still further west and settled near where now stands the city of Joliet, Illinois. A short time after settling, an Indian war broke out and the family was compelled to flee to Chicago and take refuge in Fort Dearborn at that place. So little time did Mr. Cox have to make his escape that they saw the flames of their own house burning while he and his family were making their way across the prairie. The family remained at Fort Dearborn until it was safe to return to their destroyed home; then Mr. Cox settled in Joliet and laid out a tract of land as an addition to that town, and after disposing of his interest he settled upon the Kankakee, in the same county (Will) and laid out the town of Wilmington, where he erected a flouring mill, wool-carding machine, and afterwards engaged in general merchandise. On February 25, 1833, the subject of this sketch married Elias Brown, and her twin sister married his brother Henry Brown, where they settled and went into business and became interested in the woolen mill with Mr. Cox, and continued in the same for three or four years. In March, 1847, Mr. Cox and family, Elias Brown and family, started to Oregon and were joined in Missouri by Joseph Cox and family (a son) and Peter Polley (a son-in-law). Mr. Cox and Mr. Brown disposed of their property, and in the final settlement, Mr. Cox was unable to dispose of about $10,000 worth of merchandise only at such a great sacrifice that he determined to haul them across the plains, and provided teams for about $7,500, and shipped the remainder with considerable household goods by steamboat to St. Joseph, Missouri. This was the largest and best equipped train that ever left Illinois on their long and weary way to Oregon; it consisted of twenty-eight wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen. The day was memorable for that small town, as the founders of the place had cut loose and were

going to cross the great American Continent, and settle in a land whose shores were laved by the ever-pulsing Pacific ocean almost 4,000 miles away, and at that time Oregon was almost *incognito*, and to attempt to, or go to, was considered absolute severance of all the ties that bind family or friends together on earth, especially so in this case as a married daughter and sister was left behind. The inhabitants of the whole town turned out *en masse* to bid these intrepid pioneers farewell, as they well knew that they would never meet again on earth, even if they succeeded in reaching that beautiful land so far away.

In due time, after traversing Iowa and a part of Missouri, the rendezvous was reached near St. Joseph and final preparations were made; but it was ascertained that the steamboat on which the goods had been shipped had exploded her boiler, and thereby the freight would not arrive in time to be taken along. As the season was getting late it was determined to push on, and the train now being augmented until it numbered forty wagons, with a goodly accompaniment of loose cattle, horses and sheep, started on the long, weary and dangerous journey, and crossed the Missouri river, leaving civilization behind, for the purpose of establishing the same and making a home in Oregon. There was not a single civilized abode until Oregon was reached, except at Forts Laramie and Hall in the entire route. Bleak and dreary deserts were to be traversed, dangerous streams to be crossed, high and rugged mountains to be surmounted, hostile and treacherous Indians to be encountered, the almost tropical heat of summer and the storms of rain and snow incident to the ever-changing altitude of plain or mountain to be endured, while every mile of the way was beset with danger.

When the train arrived in the Pawnee country it was found necessary, on account of that tribe's hostilities, as they had attacked one or two trains, to combine, and this train joined one commanded by General Joel Palmer, and all together numbered 104 wagons, and traveled with them until they had passed through that tribe's country. In crossing the Platte river Mr. Brown, being compelled to get out of the family wagon which he was driving, and wade in the ice-cold stream to keep the team in its proper course and constantly on the move on its quicksand bed, became thoroughly chilled and a severe cold developed into what was called the mountain fever, and he lingered along a few days until Bear river was reached, where he died. As the Indians were then in the habit of robbing the graves for the clothing of the dead, Mr. Brown was

buried in the middle of the road without a coffin, as it was impossible to make one for the want of material, and the whole train passed over his grave so as to obliterate his last resting place, and protect him from the Indian vandals. Thus a wife and mother was deprived of the care and devotion of a husband in her hour of great need. But there was no time for vain regrets—the journey must be made—and to press on was imperative. In due time the eastern base of the Cascade mountains was reached, the last barrier to be surmounted before the haven of rest was found and the journey ended. Up to this time very little stock had been lost and all was going well. The distance was only sixty miles, but there was more suffering and hardships to be endured and a greater loss of stock than in the entire journey previous. The first day the weather was pleasant but cloudy; at night the rain began to descend in torrents, and the next morning it was succeeded by a cold, driving sleet and snow. The stock was very much reduced in flesh and rapidly succumbed to the cold and pitiless storm, while the road became a quagmire through which the teams and teamsters floundered until finally Summit Prairie was reached near the base of the lordly Mt. Hood; here a camp was found with a large collection of other emigrants who had thus far made the trip. The storm increased in fury, and in the morning it was found that three-fourths of the stock had perished, leaving only enough to haul three or four wagons; into these the provisions, bedding and children were placed while the men and women heroically waded along in the mud, driving what remained of the loose stock. Mr. Cox went ahead to the valley and obtained a pack-train of Indian ponies to pack out his goods, which he succeeded in accomplishing. The incidents that were worthy of record that happened until the valley was reached, are omitted for want of space. On the 16th day of October, 1847, the teams were unhitched for the last time, at Salem, Oregon, and the long journey was finished, being eight months and sixteen days from the time that they left Wilmington, Illinois. Salem then contained only ten houses, one small grist and saw mill, and the country was sparsely settled around. Mr. Cox immediately opened a store, the first in Salem and south of Champoeg in the Willamette valley. Mrs. Brown lived in Salem for two years, and during the first winter made caps and men's clothing, and the next summer hats for men and women out of plaited wheat straw, at which she was quite expert; also, bonnet trimming. In the fall of 1849 she moved on a claim south of Salem, and on July 8, 1851, married Mr. Hiram Allen and settled near Corvallis in Benton county, where they lived until Mr. Allen died in 1858. The issue of this marriage was four children,

three girls and one boy, the latter dying a few weeks before Mr. Allen. On September 5, 1859, she married Mr. George W. Spencer, with whom she lived until her death at Corvallis, March 30, 1888, being seventy-one years of age, there being one child born to them. She has now living eight children, twenty-two grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, and two sisters at the time of her death, one of whom died in twenty-nine days after her death, leaving only one of her family at present, alive.

While living in Illinois she joined the Methodist Episcopal church and remained a member of the same for some thirty years, and then joined the United Brethren church, as the tenets of that church were more compatible with her belief on some doctrinal subjects. She was of a religious turn of mind, but broad and catholic in her views and of a very charitable disposition, and whether she resided in country or town her influence was felt. She was lively and happy in disposition and took as much enjoyment from her surroundings as possible, and liked to see others—especially children and young folks—enjoy themselves.

Mrs. Spencer was a pioneer from ancestry and in fact, but of that class that carried civilization and culture wherever she went. She looked at life without any romantic coloring, but as a stern reality, to fulfill a duty or destiny. Wherever she was, her aim was to leave the world improved and enlightened and the better by her having lived. She cheerfully accepted her lot, whether living in the log cabin of early pioneer days and cooking at the fireplace for her young family, or later in life, surrounded with more conveniences incident to the advanced development of the resources of the country and of commerce of her chosen home on the Pacific shore. She lived under the provisional government, then the territorial, and for years after Oregon was admitted in the bright galaxy of the sisterhood of states. The men and women of the "'40's" were no common people—they were chosen or winnowed out of the intrepid, hardy self-reliant pioneers of the west, they rocked the cradle of the infant provisional government, guided the youth of the territorial government, and looked with joy at the development into statehood. The women fulfilled their allotted part as well as the men in founding Christianity and education and the development of the natural resources of the country, that their children and the thousands that have come since as the way was made clear and easy, now enjoy. Out of seventy-one years of her life over fifty was spent in new or sparsely settled countries, but still she was

very well informed in the history of her country and especially so in the topics of the day, she being a constant reader. In early life she did not have the advantages of only the neighborhood schools, but being possessed of good perceptive faculties and a retentive mind, aided by the reading of books and that great educator of the day—newspapers—she was able to discuss the topics of the day with interest and fluency. But her life's task is finished, and she went to rest with that peace and resignation that is the reward of all who have lived lives of purity and usefulness.

SARAH FAIRBANKS KING.

The annals of Oregon women, who performed the hard duties incident to pioneer life faithfully, patiently and well, contain no name more justly honored, or more tenderly cherished, than that of Sarah Fairbanks King.

Mrs. King was a native of New York, having been born in Potter, Cayuga county, October 12, 1834. While yet in her infancy, she was taken by her parents to Michigan, then scarcely more than an outpost of western civilization. Here she grew to womanhood, developing traits of gentleness and devotion to duty that were the distinguishing characteristics of all of her after life.

She was married on the 1st of Nov., 1851, to Mr. George Olds, and with him in the following spring started to Oregon Territory by the usual mode of conveyance in those days—wagons drawn by oxen. The journey occupied seven months and her first daughter was given to her arms during the tiresome trip.

Arriving in Oregon in the late autumn her husband located on a donation land claim near Middleton, Washington county, and there they lived for nine succeeding years, the pioneer home echoing the voices of children and attesting daily the blessings that a loving and gentle woman can bring to a habitation in a comparative wilderness and amid the most primitive surroundings. In April, 1861, she was widowed by the sudden death of her husband, five children being the heritage of the marriage.

On Christmas day, 1863, she was married to Mr. Samuel W. King and removed, first to Marion and afterwards to Yamhill county where her husband was engaged in teaching school, she being in this, as in all things else, his valued assistant. They subsequently removed to Portland where there she continued to reside until her death, which occurred suddenly on the 19th of January, 1887.

The record left by Mrs. King, whether enduring the hardships of a wearisome journey across the continent, encountering the privations incident to

pioneer home building, or battling bravely with poverty; whether in the school room in the capacity of teacher, or in a home of refinement, enjoying the full meed of reward for her early toils, is one of uniform consecration to duty, of gentleness in her home and of devotion to its inmates.

She died without warning of heart disease, her husband and sons returning to their home in the evening to find that the gentle presence that they had left there at noontime had forever departed. To a grave in one of the most beautiful locations in Riverview Cemetery, three miles above Portland was consigned all that was mortal of this loving wife, tender mother and gentle woman, and there, "after life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."

SOLOMON HOWARD SMITH.

Peculiar interest attaches to this pioneer, as he was one of Wyeth's party, which came in 1832. Smith therefore was one of those that we hear spoken of as the remnants of the trapping companies. whose members, surviving the breakup of their party, instead of going home, took hold to settle up the country in which they found themselves. There was something peculiarly American about these rovers; when they had marched and ridden, or sailed off their Viking uneasiness, they had no other earthly idea, but a snug home. Hence those that remained on the coast, went to work with axe and spade, with oxen and horses, with cows and poultry—and a wife—to reproduce the thrift and comfort that they had known in old New England or Virginia. Here they brought their Lares and Penates; here they reared their families; and here, they came to think, was the best spot in America.

Solomon Howard Smith was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, December 26, 1809. Like many of the Americans of the early days, his father was engaged in the army against England. He was not a soldier, however, but a surgeon. He died at Plattsburg, 1813. The wife, Mrs. Smith, soon removed to Norwich, Vermont, where the boy, Solomon, afterwards went to school at the military academy of Col. Partridge. During this time he read medicine, but never took a degree.

At twenty-one, longing for something a little more stirring than the pastoral life of a New England village, he went down to Boston, where he found employment in a store, as clerk, gaining a practical knowledge of mercantile business which stood him in good stead afterwards.

Somewhat restless for business on his own account, he went into a cod fishing enterprise, sailing on a schooner to the banks of Newfoundland, and expecting to remunerate himself by the haul, each one, as was customary, taking a share of the profits. They had a good time going and fishing, but were unlucky getting back. They were run into, during a fog, by the Liverpool packet ship, on her return to Portland, Maine. The schooner was sunk,

but the fishermen were picked up and taken to Portland, whence they were sent on to Boston.

This was in 1831. It was about those days that Hall J. Kelly was agitating for the American occupancy of Oregon, and strewing his charts of the great city, at the junction of the Columbia and Willamette, broadcast. The Lewis and Clark expedition, the Astor expedition, the war of 1812, and the rivalries and the wars of the American Company, the Rocky Mountain Company, the Northwest Company, and the Hudson's Bay Company, had been making as intelligent and active a people as the New Englanders, who had ships and seamen on every ocean in the world, very familiar with the possibilities of trade on the northern Pacific slope. The manifest decline of American influences along the Columbia, and the swift and steady advance of the British awoke in many minds a patriotic sentiment to recover ground in the distant west. Hence the effort of Kelly and Wyeth were looked upon with interest, and Wyeth numbered among his recruits some of scions of the best families in Boston, who, preparatory to their arduous trip across North America, camped out a few nights on Boston Common to season themselves for the journey.

It was in the palmy days of trapping and Indian fighting along the back of the Stony Mountains, and headwaters of the Missouri, where the names of Bridger, Sublette, Jedediah Smith, Bonneville, and the other trappers were found from St. Lewis to Pierres' Hole, and in fact to the Pacific, and the White-Headed Eagle reigned at Vancouver.

Solomon Smith was readily captivated by the layout of Capt. Wyeth, and hired with him to come across the country. The expedition started in March, going by water down to Baltimore, and across the mountains to the Ohio river, down whose lonesome stream they sailed to the Father of Water; thence up the Missouri to Independence and then out on the plains of Nebraska. It was here that a couple of the young Bostonians detached themselves and went back to civilization.

They struck in with a fur company, and stayed by it until they reached the rendezvous at Pierre's Hole. Leaving the party here, Wyeth with his party now reduced to twelve, struck out for the Columbia. Enduring a multitude of labors and dangers, they passed the divide of the Rockies and came down on the more rugged mountains and the more violent streams of the Pacific slope. In the depth of the Salmon river mountains, on passing their hither

slopes, provisions became exhausted, and the party divided, Wyeth commanding one portion, Smith the other. For several days Smith's division subsisted upon rose buds; or rather the red fruit of the rose. As their fast drew to its week's duration, having descended from the foot-hills of the Blue mountains, and looked over the desolate sage plains of the Walla Walla, nearing the deep Columbia, they looked out over the undulating plains and observed a smoke from an Indian lodge. Putting their horses up to their utmost speed they struck out each man for himself. Smith reached the lodge first, in time to find the chief watching a buffalo heart boiling in a pot, over the camp fire. A handfull of beads sufficed to buy the coveted article, and the starved trappers were soon dividing it up. The buffalo was lying by and was soon drawn upon as much as was required. It was in November that they reached Vancouver, where they were most hospitably received by McLoughlin. The chief factor never allowed an act of discourtesy, although as is well known he soon broke up Wyeth's business, by severe competition and bought him out.

It was at Vancouver that one of the party, Trumbull, imprudently overate, killing himself. He had scarcely gotten over his starving up in the mountains. At Vancouver he had been invited aboard the Hudson's Bay ship to eat dinner. They had duff, and he ate very heartily. Coming back to his party he found them putting dry peas to cook. Not considering the consequences he ate ravenously out of the pot, the peas not being yet well swelled, with the result above stated.

Finding that Smith was an educated man, McLoughlin desired him to teach the school which had been started, and taught ten weeks (Bancroft says ten months) by Mr, Ball. Smith kept school nearly two years. It was here that Smith became acquainted with Celiast, daughter of Kobaway, chief of the Clatsops. This Kobaway was the Indian designated as John, by Lewis and Clark.

The circumstances which brought her to Vancouver were as follows, and show what an injustice Bancroft does Smith and her in saying that he ran away with the wife of the baker at the fort: She had been married (as marriages were then recognized where there was no civil or ecclesiastical authority to solemnize marriage) to a Frenchman, named Porier, a baker, by whom she bore three children. McLoughlin discovered that Porier had a wife in Canada, and advised Celiast to leave him, which she did. Porier was sent

on express to Canada, but learning the reason, so soon as he met the eastern express, exchanged packages, and himself returned to Vancouver. He took another woman there, and wished to get his youngest child, then with Celiast. She was at that time stopping with her sisters in the Willamette Valley, one of whom was the wife of La Bonte, the other of Gervais. She went to Vancouver upon the command of McLoughlin, when her child was given over to Porier.

She was a young woman of unusual grace and beauty, having large soft black eyes, a smooth brow, and finely cut nose and lips. She was moreover the daughter of a chief, and every inch queen. She was always full of resources, and determination, and of rare courage. Doubtless upon this lone shore her unexpected beauty and womanliness served to distract and attract Solomon Smith; and her desolate and doubly bereaved condition, led her to become the wife of an honorable man.

They were married and made their first home on French Prairie, near Chemawa, on the river, where Smith opened a school, somewhat ante-dating that of the Lees, in 1834.

In 1836 Smith moved to the mouth of Chehalem creek where he assisted Ewing Young in putting up a saw mill.

His wife, Celiast, always desired to come back to Clatsop, her home. It was to her a sort of paradise. It was indeed at that time an extraordinarily beautiful peninsula, fronting the estuary of the Columbia on the northeast, the Pacific on the west, and looking northward directly on the bar, to its brother cape, the bold Hancock, four miles away, with green Chinook immediately across the great stream. It was in the May of 1840 that Daniel Lee, from his station at The Dalles, old Woscopum, came down to the Willamette to see the missionaries near Chemawa. He was looking for the Lausanne from around the Horn, among whose passengers was his expected bride. He visited Smith at Chehalem, telling him of his journey down the river to Chinook, a port which remained to be accomplished. Smith had frequently conferred with McLoughlin about living at Clatsop, an enterprise which the chief justice opposed on the ground of its danger. "The Clatsop Indians," said the Doctor, "are not a safe people. I remember their attack on the William and Anne, and they remember the punishment we inflicted. The Killamucks, too, are as wild as the Chestess. It would not be safe for one white man alone to live there. The proper way is for all the whites to live in

one strong settlement, like the fort here. But if you can find two others to go with you, you might do so."

As Daniel Lee was going down to the mouth of the river, Smith concluded to accompany him, and with Celiast as pilot, Lee's big canoe with its Woscopom paddlers, went down the Willamette, passing the Falls in safety, which was afterwards the death of Rodgers. The little craft, with its curiously mixed company, had a delightful voyage down the lordly river in its May day shores. They came around the Tung, as a spring day was waning to the west, and aiming for Chinook, went diagonally across the estuary, here six miles wide. As they neared and passed the Indian village under the hill and rounded the point into Baker's Bay, they saw the Lausanne lying at anchor in the shadow of Cape Hancock.

The next day Smith crossed over from the harbor within the arm of Hancock to Clatsop point, or Point Adams, as now designated. The mouth of the Columbia was two or three miles narrower than at present. The place now swept by the south channel was then a region of hills, some of them nearly a hundred feet in height, and Clatsop spit, or sands, was a region of undulating hills and grassy dunes. There was a belt of spruce timber on the side of this peninsula toward the Columbia, while the sea front was bare of trees, except in scattered groups along the creek, and grass up to a man's head in summer, covered the hills even to the ocean beach. The face of this peninsula, which has since gone into the sea, was not so much parellel dunes, as knobs and hillocks, many of them being cut into fantastic forms. One of these knobs, called "Peek's Hill" from old man Peek who lived there, has been variously reported as from seventy to two hundred feet in height. As this pyramidal hill was near the extremity of the peninsula, it commanded a magnificent prospect of the plains, the river, the bar, and the illimitable sea.

Smith was much fascinated with the duchy of his wife, Celiast, daughter of Kobaway, chief of all the Tschlahtsoptschs, and spent these merry days in May in wandering over the hills, eating the ripening strawberries, and conversing with the great Indian hunters. There is a fine view from the dunes of Clatsop. Tilliamook head, a solid block of rock, with its blunt peak one thousand feet above the waves, stands bold on the south, while behind it—a score of miles—the blue hard outlines of Icarni mountain close the view. A half dozen far-away rock-tipped slant-sided cones roll away them to the east, and the purple top of Swollalachost, the Saddle mountain of the whites, overlooks all the sea and shores.

Returning to the valley Smith disclosed to Jason Lee the desirable region at the mouth of the Columbia. Lee set apart Frost for the work of teaching the Indians at Clatsop, and Tibbetts, one of Wyeth's old followers, was easily persuaded to accompany the others. There was a blackeyed Clatsop girl living in Smith's family, whom Tibbetts looked upon with favor, and a move to Clatsop struck him as very agreeable.

The little party of six went down in the fall, and to be near provisions set their stakes at the Indian village of Neacoxa, where the creek of that name, and two other creeks, the Ohanna and the Nekonikon, went to plunge into the sea. It nestled on the north side of the little inlet thus formed, and in the spruce grove which lies on the leaward side of the high dunes.

The pioneers constructed their cabin of pine poles.

Early in the spring Smith moved a dozen miles up to the end of Clatsop near what is now called Tansy Point. He had let some Indians have a quantity of twine to make a net for fishing Chinook salmon, and wished to be on the bank of the Columbia to take care of the fish which he was to receive as pay. He had in the mean time located a claim extending from the Skipanon creek to the ocean beach, where he erected the first white man's cabin on Clatsop plains. Frost's was next built on a claim next to the north. Both these claims were located west of the Neacoxa on Clatsop creek, in the edge of a grove which has now disappeared.

Here the settlers began their gardens and were working peacefully with the natives.

One of the natives, however, Katata, in his youth a bad Indian, though in his old age quite a pet of the whites, coveted a hatchet belonging to Frost; he, or one of his tribe, took it to his cabin and hid it. Frost missing the article sent an Indian to get it. He traced it to Katata's lodge, exhumed it, and carried it back to Frost. Katata was sullen and angry over the success of the detection, and made up a party to kill Frost. The missionary was working in his garden paying but little attention to the clamor of the Indians at his fence, and kept on working. This clamor was nothing less than the party of Katata. The chief was endeavoring to shoot at Frost, holding in his hand an old Queen Anne musket. Another Indian, however, Wasulsul, friendly to the whites, was making every exertion to prevent him. This threw the company of bucks into violent disorder. Celiast, from her cabin

near by, heard the noise and saw the danger the missionary was in Running into the crew of howling Indians, at the same time shouting to Frost to run to the house, she darted up to Katata, caught him by the hair of the head, throwing him over backwards, and commanded him to behave himself. By this time Frost was safe indoors, Katata very much chopfallen, and the whole company of Indians quieted, Celiast was regarded by the Indians as having an extraordinary *skrokum tumtum.*

On another occasion her bravery and judgment saved the settlement at Clatsop, and perhaps prevented war in the whole Territory. This was a few years later. A cow belonging to one of the whites was, as the Indians say, mired in the creek and drowned by the incoming tide. They cut the animal up and baked the meat. The settler quite naturally supposed that they had killed the cow and was very indignant. He was ready for punishing the depredator. Some time after Taylor, who lived a few miles below, came up and said "The Indian that killed your cow is at my house. The aggrieved white went down, got possession of the Indian's gun and shot him with his own weapon. The Indian, though mortally wounded, ran to a willow thicket, where he hid himself. Another Indian, his companion, ran and hid away, but as soon as he deemed safe withdrew and carried the news to the village at Nescoxa. There were besides the Clatsops, about forty Tilliamocks there; fierce fellows, untamed and ready to be revenged on the whites. The whole band, many of them armed with muskets, proceeded up the beach, crossed over at the village of the Clatsops, at Tansy Point, and thus reinforced came down by the way of the Skipanon angry as a nest of hornets. As they passed Smith's place Celiast went out to discover the trouble and learning their errand at once disuaded them from their bloody purpose. Sullenly they obeyed her command, and one by one threaded their way through the tall grass on the dune, breathing hate upon the white man's cabin, but harming no one.

Another story is told in which her quick perception and action prevented bloodshed. Smith one day was needing his oxen and sent an Indian lad to get them from the range. As the boy was searching over the plains he fell in with a big and surly Indian who was looking for his horses, who asked the boy if he had seen them. The latter being a saucy fellow, and possibly feeling a little the importance of his situation as servant of the white tyee, replied that he was not his servant to tell him where his horses were. The Indian was enraged and cuffed him across the mouth for his impudence.

Mr. Smith, seeing the boy's bruised mouth and nose, told the Indian's two wives, who happened then to be at his house, that he would whip their husband the next time he saw him. The squaws went away soon. Next morning the savage entered Smith's cabin, before the family was up, carrying in his hand a two-bladed knife, such as the Indians use, the front blade some eighteen inches in length, the hind one six or seven. Smith just discovered him in the morning twilight moving towards him with murderous stillness. Seizing a gun he instantly sprang up and struck the intruder a heavy side-long blow on the arm, paralyzing it so that the knife fell from his grasp. Appalled at seeing his weapon gone, the Indian tumbled out backwards at the door, Smith following hard was in the act of clubbing his gun and braining the fellow, but at that moment his wife was at his side restraining him. Smith was glad that he was prevented from taking the Indian's life, especially as the chastisement already inflicted made him a faithful friend thereafter.

In the next fall succeeding settlement Smith made a long trip down the coast to Salmon river and across the mountains to the Willamette valley to find a route for bringing cattle to Clatsop. Tibbitts and Taylor—the latter an old sailor—went with him, Taylor not daring to go upright around the narrow path 1,000 feet above the sea at Icarni Mountain. They were able to bring back cattle for Frost and Smith. The spring of that same year Smith had brought two horses from St. Helens on a sort of ferry boat, made by lashing two large canoes together and planking over the top. These were the first horses of the whites brought to Clatsop, though in old times the Indians had horses on these plains.

As early as 1846 the settlers started a school on Clatsop, with W. W. Raymond as teacher. Miss Phillips was employed later and kept up the school many years.

It 1849 (or 1850) Mr. Smith went into the mercantile business at the Skipanon landing, dealing in American goods, which he procured from American crafts, among which was a brig, run by Capt. Rogers. Those were good days for traders. One hundred head of cattle, bought at $12 a head—the band turning out to number two hundred—they sold for twenty-five cents a pound. Potatoes were $5.00 a bushel; butter, $2 per lb. In 1851 Smith employed himself running the Harrall saw mill on Lewis and Clark. He had advanced some $5,000 to Harrall, for building the mill, and to remunerate himself now took the care of it. During these years Smith's business was quite extensive.

Educational interests were not neglected. Smith, Wirth, Morrison and W. H. Gray employed (1851) a teacher named Brock, for $1,200 a year to conduct a school of some thirty-nine or forty pupils. Brock had the reputation of doing excellent work as a teacher, but turned out to be a tricky man in a business way, fleecing two confiding friends all the way to California, whither he went as he outdid Oregon.

Solomon Smith was ever interested in school matters, usually holding some office, such as clerk or director in the district. He was county commissioner of Clatsop county two terms and at the time of his death in 1874 was a member of the state senate.

He was uniformly neighborly and public-spirited; assisting new settlers, even to entertaining them for months in his house. He furnished them seed, and let them work according to their necessities. He contributed liberally for the erection of the first Presbyterian church, and built the first warehouse on the Skipanon, allowing free use to all. He had one of the finest farms on Clatsop, which has lately, however, been much damaged by the drifting sands consequent upon the breaking up of the turf; and by the rising of the swamp water consequent upon the filling up of the Nescoxa.

Smith was a man of fine physicial proportions, of noble and kind countenance, and is remembered with respect by all his neighbors who survive him.

His son Silas W. Smith, who was educated in law in New Hampshire in now living on the old place.

W. W. BUCK.

BY W. C. JOHNSON.

William Wentworth Buck was born in Cayuga county, New York, January 19, 1804. In his childhood he removed with his parents to the Western Reserve of Ohio, where, with his father, he followed the business of a farmer. There, in 1826, he married Miss Olive Serles, who bore three children, Ruth, E., Heman S., and Adelia, none of whom are now living except Mrs. Ruth E. Campbell of Portland, Oregon.

Judge Buck removed in 1840 to Illinois, where he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church, and became an acceptable member of the conference of that new state. There his wife and younger daughter died, and there he married Jane E. Hurd in 1843.

He came to Oregon with his family in 1845, arriving in this valley in November. His residence from 1845 to 1849 was principally at Giles' Lake farm, below Portland. Fever and ague induced him in 1849 to bring his family to Oregon City for health, where he has since lived and died.

Three daughters born in Oregon are still living, viz.: Mrs. Fred Chapman of Colfax, W. T.; Mrs. S. B. Pope of Victoria, B. C., and Fanny H., who remain with his bereaved wife, Mrs. Campbell, and a host of long-time friends, to mourn the loss of a devoted husband, father and neighbor.

Mr. Buck took an eager interest in public affairs, and was prominently identified with Oregon's early history. When the territory of Oregon was organized under Act of Congress in 1849, he was elected a member of the upper house of the legislature, the council, and at the second session, in 1850, he was chosen president of the council and discharged his duties as such with dignity and success. About the same time he took a prominent part in founding the "Young Ladies' Seminary" in Oregon City, the building for which, then erected, is still used for our public school. He has at different times been mayor of Oregon City and justice of the peace, and in 1862 was prominently named as a candidate for governor before the union state con-

vention at Eugene City, but was defeated for the nomination by Hon. A. C. Gibbs. His latest position of trust was that as treasurer of Oregon City, two years since. He was also prominent in Masonic circles, and presided over the lodge here as worshipful master in 1859.

To Judge Buck and his son, Heman S., the state owes the first paper mill erected in the Northwest. The first machinery was set up and operated in Oregon City by a company formed under their energetic leadership. The business did not prove profitable, and all the stockholders retired discouraged, save those two. They persevered; and procuring a partnership with H. L. Pittock, of the *Oregonian*, set up new and improved machinery where they had formerly run a saw mill on the Clackamas river. This did not prove remunerative for several years on account of Eastern competition, and Mr. Buck had a comfortable fortuue swept from under him. But he lived to see the enterprise succeed in the hands of others and to know that the state has the benefit of his foresight and energetic public spirit.

In the third of a century, during which Judge Buck lived in Oregon City, his home was the center of much genial, elevating social influence. Always cheerful and generous and aided by his wife of like social disposition, his friends, young and old, always felt at home and unrestrained in his presence, and were frequently aided by his timely council and assistance. Temperate and frugal, he lived to over four-score years, and laid him down and ceased to live by reason of age. Such were his life and death among us.

"The will of God is accomplished. So mote it be."

ALVIN T. SMITH.

The Independent Missionary movement, having the Tualatin Plains as its field of operations, has yet to be fully set forth. It is one of the most interesting, pathetic, and important of all the varied themes of the history of our State. While there may be differences of opinion as to its effect upon the establishment of the provisional government in 1843, and the exact relative proportion of its influence in bringing our state under the flag of the American Union, historic justice will give it a very high place in the progressive development of the material, educational and religious interest of the little community in Oregon in the early days.

The original members of this adventurous band were Griffin, Munger, Clarke and Littlejohn, to whom Alvin T. Smith soon joined himself.

Depending upon themselves for means of support, they took claims upon the rich and beautiful plains of the Tualatin river—a slow stream winding from the Coast mountains, through a country mainly level, with spacious overflow lands along its tributaries, rising to grassy upland plains, beautifully interspersed with belts of evergreen timber, and dotted with groves of oak. It was near the present site of Hillsboro that Griffin and Munger located their claims, and at the town of Forest Grove that Clarke and Littlejohn made their settlement.

This was a natural paradise, and those having the first choice of land may rather be congratulated than commiserated upon their situation. Nevertheless the crudity, the loneliness, the very plasticity of that meagre society in which they found themselves alone, was very trying to active minds, who naturally sought their chief employment in constructive social enterprises. The few mountain men, and Hudson's Bay men, and the half-castes, were not easily impressed with their ideas, and offered little material for forming the social institutions which they had in mind.

Missionary work among the Indians was a very difficult problem. It had several steps. First—for the missionaries to provide homes and a means

of living for themselves; Second—to form an ancleus around which the passing tribes might gather. Among fixed tribes, the missionaries may set up their school aud church, and instruct the same persons day by day. But among a people as migratory as the birds of passage, the missionary finds this impossible. He must persuade the tribes to come to him.

In the midst of the labors necessitated by these two steps, the Independent Missionaries of the Tualatin, as those at Salem, and Waiilatpu, as well as the Catholic Missionaries later, found that the Indian population was melting away, and vanishing from before the face of the white men. The Willamette valley Indians had died by the thousands from measles and smallpox. The remnants were shirking away to the strange tribes on the coast and in the mountains.

The missionaries on the Tualatin soon found that their work was in building up American institutions, and laying the basis for the great American population, which was sure to come to Oregon.

Alvin T. Smith selected a claim near the union of the two mountain streams which unite to form the Tualatin, long since famous as one of the finest farms in Oregon. With great energy and thrift he set about civilized farming, soon raising from stock obtained from the Hudson's Bay company, a herd of cattle, the income from which he largely devoted to religous and educational work.

With many idiosyncrasies and severities and even asperities ot character, he had a noble and tender heart and was ever true to his convictions of duty, and the aim of his life. He was a man whose disposition, character and purposes were little understood by those of less earnestness.

Below is a sketch of his life and a tribute to his memors from his old associate Rev. J. S. Griffin. Coming from a comrade in arms, it possesses double value.

"Alvin T. Smith was born November 17, 1802, in the town of Branford, Conn., near the line of East Haven, in the district called Foxon. His early life was in accordance with rugged times and poverties of those New England days, in which the better classes, even, sustained severities which later generations could illy endure. Toward the close of his first decade of manhood, Mr. Smith, like many a young man of his day, went westward and purchased land near Quincy, Ill. In the spring of 1840 he married Miss Abigail Raymond, a well established Christian lady teacher of those times.

In that same spring of 1840, Mr. Smith fitted himself out with his own means and entered upon the work of a mission-helper of an independent mission fitted out by a body of churches for Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, and in the hands of the Rev. H. Clarke and Philo B. Littlejohn. In August of that year they reached the station of Dr. Whitman at Waiilatpu. After an unsuccessful attempt during that autumn to establish themselves in a mission station near the Powder River valley, and the members of the mission having scattered for the winter, Mr. and Mrs. Smith joined their labors for the time with those of Rev. H. H. Spaulding at Lapwai, near the present city of Lewiston, in Idaho.

In the autumn of 1841, that independent mission, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith still its helpers, attempted to establish itself a mile south of Forest Grove, Oregon, with a small body of natives who centered a part of their time upon the bottom lands south of that place. When that mission was given up, Mr. Smith according to my direction, (myself having been chosen by the parties concerned as an arbiter for dictating terms of separation) honorably to himself and with Christian fidelity, purchased the mission portion of he improvements already made.

After the death of the first Mrs. Smith, which occurred about 1855, Mr. Smith in 1866 visited the scenes of his youth in New Haven county. During that stay of some two years or more he married Miss Jane Averill of Branford, whom he now leaves a widow sadly mourning his loss.

As a Christian man he never lost sight of the object of his heart, viz.: the cause of his dying Lord.

The choice of his objects for his money and labors, he made for himself, in which he seldom suffered others to dictate. His income was honorably reached, and he applied it for good far beyond most men of his means; but always to the objects which commended themselves to his own conscience. Having no children of his own, he honorably sustained a father's part toward orphans, and there are those, who will, during all coming time, bless the Lord for their long relation to their "Father Smith." Towards the church and institutions of Forest Grove, he has done more than any other man of Washington county, and he will be sadly missed in time to come.

Of his general make-up as a man, he manifested that stern firmness toward the objects and principles of his conscientious choice, that formerly so characterized the best men of the state which gave him his birth and educa-

tion, and Forest Grove may not soon find so good and so firm a friend to her institutions as "Father Smith," and be assured his name will not be forgotten while the objects and institutions of Forest Grove endure.

What better council can be given to the young people of this place, than that of saying. "as for this man of more than eighty-five years, has been true to his Lord and master, so be ye true to the same Redeemer of man?"

It is now over forty-seven years since Mr. Smith commenced the first improvements in this valley west of Hillsboro. Most of this time he has moved among this people as a leading and principal man in the west half of Washington county. Who and how many can be expected to fill for forty-seven years, so good a place for the institutions and well-being of this educational village? But Mr. Smith has gone to his rest and "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea; saith the Spirit, from henceforth, they shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The works of Mr. Smith shall follow on and live in the hearts and the memory of the coming generations; while the work and names of many shall perish; having passed away from the memories of earth.

A Brief Account of the Experiences of a Pioneer of 1843.

BY JOHN ARTHUR.

I, by no means, intend to offer anything more than a brief statement of what would require volumes. What I have to say is simply to endeavor, as best I can from memory, to narrate incidents that have as yet not been mentioned by others.

I was born in Kentucky March 5th, 1820, and at the age of five years my parents moved to Jackson county, Missouri. Passing over the years to 1843, about the middle of May, in company with my parents, brothers and sisters, and with our wagons heavy laden with household goods, bidding a sorrowful and heart-felt adieu to kindred and friends, we set out upon the lengthy and fatiguing journey across the plains. The migration of a large body of men, women and children across the continent to Oregon in the year of 1843, was strictly an experiment, not only in respect to the number, but to the outfit of the imigrating party. Before that date a few missionaries and others had performed the journey on horseback, and a few wagons drawn by horses had reached Fort Hall; but it was the opinion of most of them who had traveled the route down Snake river, that no large number of cattle could be sustained on its scanty pasturage, or wagons taken over a route so barren and mountainous. The migration party were also assured that the Sioux Indians would be much opposed to the passage of so large a body through their country, and would forcibly resist it on account of the emigrants destroying and frightening the buffalo, which were diminishing in number. The emigrating body numbered over one thousand souls, with one hundred and twenty wagons drawn by ox teams, averaging about three yoke to the wagon, and over three thousand head of loose cattle and horses. I undertake to say that the emigration of 1843 was the chief event in saving this Pacific northwest to the United States.

Too much can not be said of Dr. Whiteman's persistent activity urging the emigrants to bravely travel, travel, as he said that nothing else would carry us through. The emigration of 1843 was the first emigration of consequence to Oregon, and they made a broad wagon road from the frontier of Missouri to the Columbia river and the way plain for future emigrations. The history of the emigration of 1843 may well be deemed a record of men and women's heroic deeds. They cheerfully gave up home, society, and all the blessings of peace and quiet, and turned from a country blessed with plenty, to face the unknown dangers of a wilderness, and to patiently endure the perils and privations, and to challenge the fierce assaults of the wild beasts, and the still wilder and more ferocious Indian foe. But a kind Providence permitted us to overcome difficulties and reach Oregon with but few accidents and but little sickness of a serious nature. Two babies were brought to light on the way. One baby died from sickness, and one boy four or five years old was killed by falling under the wheel of a wagon. One man was drowned crossing Snake river, and one lady died from sickness and was buried where La Grande City now stands. The train was delayed but little otherwise than at the crossing of streams, and the tardy moving of a large drove of loose cattle and horses. The train was delayed eight days crossing the main Platte river. A caulked wagon box and a green buffalo hide formed with a hook and cross-sticks in the shape of a wash bowl and a small rope was made fast to each end of the wagon box and the buffalo boat, as it was called, and two or three men to each boat towed them from side to side. Late in the evening examination disclosed the possibility of teams fording the river drawing the empty wagons. Early the next morning eleven teams, drawing as many wagons endeavored to cross, but about midway the river the sand had washed out and made a channel so that we could not go ahead, neither could we go back against the current; after some difficulty we loosed the cattle from the wagons and permitted them to swim to land. It being the fourth of July, twenty-five or thirty men celebrated the afternoon in water waist deep getting the wagons out of the river; all the while listening to the glowing tales and development of Colonel Nesmith's genius.

The train crossed the middle Platte on a ferry boat at Fort Laramie and forded the north Platte, Green river and the various crossings of Snake river by coupling a train of teams one to the wagon of the other and placing an extra driver to each team below on horseback to guard the teams into line. Oc-

casionally the train would stop a day to give the women a chance to do some washing. On Sweetwater the train rested three days in order to lay in a supply of buffalo meat before leaving the region inhabited by that animal. After this we rolled on slow but sure, until the one hundred and twenty wagons, with but few exceptions, reached The Dalles. Then owing to the lateness of the season, it was thought to be unwise for the emigrating party to undertake to make a wagon road over the Cascade mountains, lest the way might be blockaded with snow and women and children perish with cold and hunger, therefore the greater number of the wagons for the time being were left at The Dalles, and the stock driven over the mountains to the Willamette valley by way of an Indian trail, traced by men, women and children. My father and a number of others floated their wagons and goods from The Dalles to the Cascades, a distance of forty miles, on a raft made of dry logs. Fifteen miles below The Dalles, aided by Indians and their canoes, the stock were forced to swim to the north side of the Columbia river, and being but a few more than a sufficient number of horses to pack camp equipments, with but few exceptions women and children, the same as men, traced the stock on foot to the Cascades, and from there over the rough and steep mountains, deep canyons and uncertain brooks to Vancouver, a distance by the serpentine trail of one hundred miles or more. The company was detained six days at the Cascades moving wagons and goods below the rapids, a distance of six miles. From there they were conveyed down the Columbia and up the Willamette to the falls. At Vancouver the stock was crossed over the Columbia river and marched on to the Wallamet Falls, as they were then called, and we were at our journey's end.

On November 20th, Oregon City was then but an infant not named. The Hudson's Bay Company then had a saw-mill, a flour mill and a storehouse, furnished with a small stock of merchandise. Then there was wheat in the valley to furnish bread for the entire emigration of 1843, and a number of Spanish cattle, but the circumstances of the emigrants were such that but few were able to buy them for beef; therefore during the winter of 1843 and 1844, they were forced to subsist chiefly on bread, boiled wheat, and pea coffee, and lived in log houses oftener twelve by fourteen feet than eighteen by twenty feet. The openings between the logs were filled with chinks and daubed on the outside with mud. The chimney was built upon the outside of the house, made of split sticks laid on in proper form and thoroughly

daubed and plastered with mud on the inside to prevent them from taking fire; a large opening cut through the logs communicating with the chimney, formed a fire-place, of which the back, jambs and hearth was made of mud and dried by a slow fire. The roof was made of shakes laid like shingles, kept in place by small timbers laid across each row, those kept in place by shorter ones placed between them up and down the roof. In this manner the pioneer constructed a roof for his cabin without the expense of a dime for nails, with wooden hinges and a wooden latch for the door, the latch string made from the skin of a deer pursued and killed by himself, which as the old song has it, "hangs outside the door," in those days symbolizing a cordial welcome within. There was a bed in each corner at the end of the room opposite the fireplace. There was no chamber above to obliterate the view of the roof. There was no division in departments; from floor to roof, from wall to wall was a single family room, occupied by the family in common. A rough board table, and a very few other articles, such as could be manufactured out of a fir tree with an ax and auger, completed the inventory of household furniture of a pioneer's house. We plowed the ground then harrowed the wheat in with a harrow made wholly of wood, cradled, raked and bound the wheat into sheaves, and when dry placed the sheaves on a smoothe piece of ground in circular form inclosed with a fence, and then drove the horses or cattle around on it to thrash out the grain, and with a rake and a wooden fork separated the straw from the wheat. In the afternoon when the wind raised, the wheat was separated from the chaff by standing on a box and pouring the mixture down on a sheet. Wheat was then a legal tender at one dollar per bushel. The flouring mill at Oregon City was then the only one of importance in Oregon. However, there was a cheap mill in Marion county, where North Salem now stands, and also a very cheap one in Washington county, a short distance west of where Forest Grove now stands; but there were many who had to go to mill at this time whose situation was such they had to carry the sacks of grain and the wagon over creeks on foot-logs, swim the team over, yoke up and drive on to the next creek and repeat the same performance, both going to and coming from the mill.

The reader who sees not the high patriotic motive of the early settlers of Oregon has read history in vain, and has a small appreciation of the men and women who made pioneer days illustrious. Imagine the fearful winter of 1843 and 1844, when hunger and death stood in our midst;—surrounded by In-

dians who threatened to wipe out every vestige of the gallant band of pioneers;—think of the struggles and triumphs, amid frequent warwhoops of painted savages, and undomesticated dogs howling around our cabins in the darkness of the night, eager to devour us—and perhaps you will feel, as never before, the gratitude you owe to those who left home and friends and society's social delights behind, and, under the leadership of principle, animated by hopes, sublime as ever had their birth in time, sought to save this Pacific Northwest to the United States. In the contest for Oregon between Great Britain and the United States, the voice of history gives the praise for victory to Thornton, but he did not go to Washington before 1847, and victory for the question of title to Oregon was won by the combined action of others, June 15, 1846. A large proportion of those who assumed leadership among them, were noisy demagogues of a small type, who derive their importance from the tumult they were able to create. In my opinion Thornton has ever been a drone in the hive of developing the resources of this Pacific Northwest. Samuel R. Thurston, who was the next delegate from Oregon to Congress, after J. Quinn Thornton, and who could with most ability tell its best interest for the public, caused the Oregon donation land law to be passed 1850, has long since been buried, and the story of his historic deeds is fading from memory. The inducements to emigrate that were held out to father and others, was a munificent grant of 640 acres of land that was proffered in Oregon to each actual married settler, and we found the Pacific sea-breeze, mountain air, rolling hills and fertile soil, was all that our imagination had fancied. But many families was forced to endure great annoyance. Painted Indians would frequently rush violently up to the pioneer's cabin shouting a hideous outcry, affecting women and children with sudden terror, and if the pioneer's stock were not to be found in the range they were in the habit of grazing, offer an Indian a shirt and he would very soon find them in some out-of-the-way place, evidently where he had forced them to go in order to get a shirt for finding them, and occasionally a horse was stolen.

It is evident that the pioneers of 1843, being the first emigration of importance to Oregon, were more harassed and disturbed by Indians, than subsequent emigrations. The Indians were constant visitors, ever searching, prying, and closely scrutinizing everything in and about the pioneer's cabin, in a manner to arouse distrust and cause families to guard them with caution; and to give an Indian food

was equivalent to advertising for others to make a request for the same. On several occasions when mother and the smaller children was left alone, it was absolutely necessary for mother to bar the door of the cabin in order to keep them out of the house; and so determined were they at one time to enter the house, that the girl, who subsequently became my wife, was forced to guard the window with an ax in hand.

In the darkness of the night Indians drove a milch cow from a neighbor's corral, butchered and carried her off, and the following day they were traced and arrested late in the afternoon. There were three men and three squaws. The chief impressed with sudden terror, with a distracted mind, fired a random shot which took a fatal effect in the side of a valuable American mare just behind the rider's leg; the same instant two balls discharged from guns in the hands of the whites took fatal effect in the Indian's breast, and at the same time self-defense forced a white man to fire a hasty shot, which took effect in the Indian's shoulder, but not fatal, and the third Indian man was made a prisoner for the time being.

I deny the statement in Lang's history of the Willamette valley, that the early pioneers of Oregon City killed an Indian without provocation. Six Indians were the aggressive party, and shot and killed Le Breton, and an arrow was thrust into Rogers by the elastic force of a bow in the hands of an Indian, inflicting a serious wound. Just then the chief of the Indians received a deadly shot, but his death was not instantaneous, and a colored man stopped his breathing with a rap on the head.

A general outburst of hostile Indians had been predicted, consequently messengers were sent in haste to inform all the scattering pioneers in that portion of Oregon to hasten to Oregon City. We were then two thousand miles from civilization, and had no provisional preparations for such pressing necessities. Forty-eight hours or more, men, women and children were impressed with sudden terror; they also anticipating that their cabins would be plundered, and burned, and their stock stolen; nor was the expectation of a general warfare with the Indians without good foundation.

Thus the early settlers of Oregon struggled onward pursuing their upward course, advancing step by step, slowly, indeed, but surely, toward their rightful dominion over Oregon. Would you realize our progress, you have only to look back and mark well the unfriendly powers that surrounded us, the

thousand privations and hardships we had to endure; but urged on by an inevitable influence, we overcame all difficulties and accomplished success.

In the early pioneer days, the wild beast of prey became a very serious evil, because of their great destruction of domestic animals. The extermination of them was an object to which the principal stock owners gave an encouraging word, and ample contributions of money. In the early pioneer days I was at some expense to obtain a breed of dogs which was the offspring of a female hound bred from the most celebrated kennel in England and a male Cuban bloodhound, which was a great improvement on the hunting hound. They had more courage, more speed, and greater power of endurance; they were large, strong, able dogs, with great chests, and the very best trailers; loud crying with a musical voice which could be heard several miles; violent in attack, and never failed to recover game that had escaped wounded. They would trail the bear, panther, wolf, wildcat, or fox, through the thickest and most wooded coverts, nor would they cease their pursuit until they captured or forced the animal to climb a tree, and no activity on the part of the coyote could enable him to escape. The big timber wolf did not only kill cows, but occasionally a poor horse, but they were soon extirpated mostly by use of strychnine; but the bear, panther and coyote remained numerous a number of years. I did not make hunting a special object, more than when called on and requested to go in search of some carniverous animal prowling around, killing calves or colts or hogs, but my dogs had a wide reputation and I had many calls. I do not remember of a single instance where, with the cultivated experience of my dogs, I failed to slay the animal.

But it would be tedious to linger upon my adventures in reference to slaying wild animals, therefore I will only make a very brief statements of a few of the most favorable results. One afternoon I went in search of a panther who had killed a calf early in the morning of the same day. The dogs soon rousted him from his secret covert, rushed him to climb a tree, when with deliberate aim I fired a shot and the ball took effect in the side of his head and he fell to the ground dead. Early the next morning, I went to hunt the mate. The dogs searched and finally roused him from his couch in the jungles of a canyon, and monstrous as he was, he hastened to climb a tree near by when a deadly shot felled him to the ground. Near by the dogs found a bear who was yet dormant in his winter quarters in the hollow of a big log.

We then dislodged him and had some merriment at his expense. At another time I went in search of a panther who had killed a calf belonging to a neighbor, and the dogs tracked him to the jungles on the mountain, and there roused him from his covert, and cat-like, he hastened to climb the tree nearest by. He was high up the tree crouched in a cluster of limbs. I fired at and wounded him. He then backed down the tree, and not more than thirty feet from where I was standing, gave the most hideous screech I ever heard from any living creature; but a second shot finished his career. He measured nine feet six inches, from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and apparently could carry a calf two or three months old over a seven rail fence into the jungles of a canyon with as much ease as a tom cat could carry a rat. Again I was requested to go in search of a bear who was killing hogs twenty miles from my residence. Early in the morning myself and two other men shouldered our rifles, and went in pursuit of him in the thick brush along a small serpentine mountain stream. The dogs roused a large fat black bear from his secret covert. The dogs early made bruin a captive. The brush and briers were so thick I had to advance near the enraged animal in order to gain a position to fire, but the bear made a violent motion to attack me and, although both dogs seized him and held their grasp, he advanced toward me; I fired at him, not more than ten feet distant and disabled him; a second shot slew him. In the afternoon of the same day, we rousted and killed an old she bear and two cubs, and late in the evening the dogs chased another medium-sized bear up a tree, which was the fifth bear three of us killed in one day. A man recently from England brought with him two female hunting hounds bred from the most celebrated kennel in England. Late one afternoon myself and the Englishman were on the mountains when one of my friend's dogs disappeared mysteriously. The next morning we went in search of the missing dog, and the dogs searched and rousted from his secret couch in the jungles on the mountain a monstrous animal of the feline family. Two other men and myself fired a volley at and slayed the beast, and found the missing dog in his stomach.

The pioneers of 1843 severed all conneetion with a country which had been their tender and nourishing mother, to face the unknown dangers of the west. Three doubtful and weary years lay between us and the confirmation of the question of title to Oregon. But a kind Providence has permitted me to witness a marked change in the face of the country since 1843. Thrifty

farms and substantial dwelling houses have diversified the landscape and transformed Oregon into a prosperous country. Cities, towns and villages have sprung up; elegant mansions, magnificent church houses, school houses and colleges; great business houses, distinguished hotels and costly court houses, a great state house, penitentiary and insane asylum and established laws. And it needs only that I mention the words gas, electricity, steamboats, railway steam engines, and telegraph, and call up images of the street lamp and telephone, to figure to myself such an advance on pioneer days as almost to constitute a new world. But noting the change of forty-four years in this country, observing the many noble structures and great increase in population, still the lines of barbarism and civilization intersect, making vivid contrasts in the panorama of life in Oregon.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, DEC. 31, 1887.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

The following is my report as Treasurer:

1887.		DR.		
Jan. 17,	To balance on hand as per report			$ 16 87
May 14,	" state warrant			500 00
June 4,	" dues M. A. Stratton			1 00
" —	" " A. Warner			1 00
" 7,	" membership fees J. A. Simons			1 00
" 10,	" dues A. E. Wait and Jno. Meldrum			2 00
" 15,	" collected dues etc.,			85 00
" "	" receipts of ball			68 00
" 26,	" sold three proceedings			1 50
" 26,	" " one bound proceedings			5 00
July 21,	" dues J. Wortman (withdrawn)			1 00
				$682 37
		CR.		
June 16,	By warrant for Waite		$ 92 50	
" "	" " " Bacon		10 00	
" "	" " " Wilkins		10 00	
" "	" " " Watts		10 00	
" "	" " " Matthieu		10 00	
" "	" " " Himes		10 00	
" "	" " " Lyman		75 00	
" "	" " " Himes printing		220 00	
" "	" " " " "		52 50	
" "	" " " " "		140 00	
" "	" " " " "		20 00	
" "	" " " " "		4 40	
				$654 40
Dec. 31,	To balance on hand			$27 97

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON

Treasurer.

KMAN
Y, INC.
-Please*
IL 01
R, INDIANA 46962